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"ONLY WAITING."

Only waiting till the shadows are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer of the last day's beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded from the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers have the last sheaf gathered home,
For the summer time is faded and the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly, these last hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered, and I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the shadows are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer of the day's last beam is flown;
Then from out the gathered darkness holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly tread its pathway to the skies.

THE NEMESIS OF LOVE.

By Clementine Montagu.

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," "JASPER ONSLOW'S WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—[CONTINUED.]

"But when was it?" the housekeeper asked, with the familiarity of an old servant.

She could talk to Lady Royston as an equal.

"Before the duke went away she confessed her love to me, and he—Mr. Burgoyne—heard her. I thought to set matters straight, and left them together. Of course, I did mischief, as a third party always does; and in two hours Mr. Burgoyne had left the house, and Phemie had fallen into a desponding way that was the beginning of her illness. She will die, Caterham, of a broken heart for Bracy Burgoyne!"

"I hope not—I hope in heaven not! But did she never tell your ladyship what had passed between them?"

"Never, save that there was a secret, that Mr. Burgoyne was not to blame, and that she was the most miserable creature on earth. She has been ill ever since, and I believe that the dream that worried her so in Italy, and really was the reason of our coming back to England, had something to do with Bracy Burgoyne."

"Ah, there's a great deal in dreams," said the housekeeper, with a simple reverence of folks country born and bred for omens of all sorts, and the first opportunity she had of seeing Lady Euphemia alone she asked her about this vision.

"Oh, did auntie tell you, Caterham dear?" the invalid said. "Yes, it was a dream that haunted me till I thought I should go mad. I sha'n't dream it any more now."

"Why, dear? Has it come true?"

"Oh, I don't mean that. I was ill then, and horrible dreams are the effect of sickness very often. I'm getting well now, and I'm not troubled with dreams."

Indeed, it seemed as though she were not. The horror that lay upon her appeared to have left her, and she grew able to sit up and talk, and take an interest in what was going on around her. Lady Royston was delighted. Her niece's recovery boded a speedy return to life and enjoyment, and, she hoped, an end to all her fancies and feverish whims. It had been very hard for her to be spirited away from all her friends in Italy, and whisked off to the desolation of Castletowers at a girl's fancy; but she could not afford to give up her position as chaperone to one of the richest heiresses in England. She was poor, and her love and her money combined made life very sweet to Lady Royston, who was a lonely, childless woman. Lady Euphemia's convalescence set her free a little, and she was glad to get out and leave her neice in charge of Mrs. Caterham. The young girl liked the old lady's society. She had been used to her all her life, and delighted in her quaint stories of the bygone splendor of Castletowers, when kings and queens deigned to visit her ancestors. Mrs. Caterham was very well up in all the family legends, and among them cropped up one day the story of the Duchess Christabel.

Lady Euphemia was strangely fascinated by the tale.

"Do you know," she said, one day, when they were sitting in a room, where the face of the lovely and wicked woman looked smiling down at them from the walls, "I always thought of that pretty Mrs. Longmore in connection with that woman. I don't know why. There isn't the slightest resemblance, and yet I thought of it so that I feel almost glad she is dead, I was so afraid of her falling in love with Lionel. Wasn't it a queer fancy, when her husband was alive, poor thing?"

"I fancy she was in love with him, her husband notwithstanding," said Mrs. Caterham, gravely. "But, there, she is dead and her follies with her. She was a nice creature."

Lady Euphemia listened to the story of Mrs. Longmore's death with much interest, and had the minutest particulars related to her by Mr. Price, who came still to see her. He told her all he knew, and how he had repeatedly cautioned the lady against using the narcotic which had eventually caused her death. His opinion was that her husband had come and taken her away, to avoid the unpleasantness of the inquest and the consequent publicity.

"And it's a mystery to me whoever he can be," said the old lady, little dreaming that Lady Euphemia knew only too well, and was wondering in her secret heart what could have prompted Bracy Burgoyne to act in such a strange manner.

CHAPTER XV.

DREAM-HAUNTED.

'Tis in my memory locked,
And thou thyself shall keep the key of it.
—SHAKESPEARE.

Mr. George Caterham's farm near Tiverton was a large and flourishing place. In all Devonshire there was not a better kept or more creditably managed establishment, and the owner thereof was a man of mark in the county. He was a very different personage here from what he was when he visited his mother. At Castletowers he was only the housekeeper's son, at Caterham his foot was upon his native heath, and except the squire he was the greatest man for miles round.

This farm was his own—a fact which the lord of the manor constantly deplored, and as constantly strove to alter by tempting offers of purchase; but Caterham of Caterham refused to sell his land, which had belonged to his family for centuries. It had come to its present possessor by inheritance from an uncle (his own father had been a younger brother), and he would almost as soon have thought of selling his wife, his pretty little Grizel, or the two sturdy boys who ran in and out and got into mischief all the day long, as he would of parting with his land.

So Squire Markham had to be content with the irregular shape of his estate, and to look at the queer gap on the map made thereon by the lands of the independent farmer, with longing eyes. He secretly respected the spirit with which he was refused, though he openly denounced George Caterham as a fool; and they were none the worse friends for it.

It was a vexatious thing to the farmer that his mother would not give up her situation and come and live with them; but the old lady was independent, and declared she was not going to live upon her boy till she couldn't work any longer, and then maybe she'd bring something with her to pay for her board a bit. She came to see them sometimes when she could be spared from Castletowers, and she pledged herself to a visit now as soon as she could find somebody to leave in charge. It would not be difficult, for the steward and wife lived close by, and there was not much of an establishment to look after.

She came rather suddenly when she did come, having taken advantage of an escort as far as Bristol, where she was going to stop for the night at the house of a friend.

The journey was rather a formidable one to her, and she was glad to make the longest half of it in company. She never thought of telegraphing to announce her arrival; indeed, she was rather afraid of telegrams. She rather inclined to the creed of another old woman, who regarded the employment of electricity in mundane affairs as a "tempting of Providence," and always looked upon the pink paper with fear and trembling when messages came to Castletowers.

So it came about that she was driven up to her son's place just as it was getting dusk on a February afternoon, when the fowls and pigs and other inmates of the farmyard were going to bed, and the red light of the fires inside the house streamed out into the chilly air with a comfortable glow. No one was at home but the servants, and they came out in a body to welcome "master's mother."

"Master and missis and the children were gone to Tiverton," was what they told her, but they would be back in an hour, and in the meantime they vied with one another in striving to make her comfortable. Foremost amongst them was Lizzie Pearce, who was proving herself a very useful servant at Caterham. Housemaid she was supposed to be, but her duties were various, and her wages high, though what they were was known only to her mistress and herself.

"Missis will be vexed," she said, as she placed Mrs. Caterham in a chair by a bright fire in the sitting room, and helped her to remove her wraps. "To think she should have gone out to-day of all days in the year; but you wasn't expected till to-morrow, I think."

"No, Lizzie, no, I wasn't; but I got a chance of company on the road, and I'm timid. I ought to have let them know I had changed the day; but I'm getting old, and things seem a trouble. 'The grasshopper becomes a burden,' you know, 'when old age sets in.'"

"Aye, and long before if they swarm as they do here in the summer time," said the girl, with a literal adaptation of Solomon's metaphorical poem that made Mrs. Caterham laugh. "You never saw such a thing, they're everywhere. Let me undo your overshoes, ma'am; and then maybe you'd like to come up to your room and rest. Bessie's put a fire there by this time."

"Bessie's very good, so are you all; but I'll stay here—I like this room—and you shall give me a cup of tea, and tell me how they all are. Bless me, is any one ill in the house?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then whose chair is that? Has Mrs. George taken to easy chairs?"

She pointed to a chair on the other side of the fire-place, which she had not noticed before—a chair so evidently arranged for an invalid that her question and momentary alarm were natural.

The girl looked up with a queer expression on her face.

"Oh, no, ma'am," she said; "missis never sits there."

"Then who does?"

"The old gentleman, ma'am."

"The what?" exclaimed Mrs. Caterham, in such unmistakable amazement and alarm that Lizzie Pearce laughed outright.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," she said, "I couldn't help it. But didn't you know?"

"Know what, child?"

"That he was stopping here."

"Not I. Who is he?"

"I don't rightly know, ma'am," Lizzie said, stooping over Mrs. Caterham's overshoes, and not looking at her. "Some relation of missis's, I believe—"

"Of Mrs. George's?"

"I think so, ma'am. He came from foreign parts—I don't know where—and he was going to live with his granddaughter somewhere; but she was dead when he got home, and some one wrote a letter to the master about him, and he fetched him here."

"And has he anything to live upon?"

"I think so, ma'am; missis said something about his having plenty of money. She can't be very much kin to him, for she hasn't put on any mourning for his granddaughter. We hav'n't heard much about him in the kitchen. I wait on him, and he's mostly in his room or here."

"It's an odd thing," said Mrs. Caterham, musingly. "I never heard of Mrs. George having any relations abroad. Is he going to stay here always, Lizzie?"

"I don't know, ma'am. I fancy master and missis have hardly made up their minds what to do with him. There hasn't been anything settled, he has been so ill ever since he came till lately."

"Ill?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What of?"

"Hurts—a broken arm, and bruises everywhere. He fell somewhere on board ship, the lawyer said that wrote to master about him."

"What's he like?"

"A regular old object," the girl replied, "and as deaf as a post. The children called him 'Bogy.'"

"Deaf, eh? I'm afraid I shan't have much talk with him," said Mrs. Caterham. "I never could talk to deaf people."

"Oh, he can hear! He carries a trumpet hung round his neck, and it isn't much trouble to talk to him; but he don't care for talking. He'll sit for hours staring through his spectacles, and never saying a word. I think he's a little dazed, myself!"

"Perhaps it's old age, Lizzie; old people like to be quiet. Is he old?"

"A hundred, I should think," Lizzie replied; "but you'll soon see him—he's waked up. That's him," as a peal on a bell in the passage announced that some one was stirring upstairs. "I must go and fetch him."

She went, leaving the visitor in a state of curiosity and perplexity beyond words. Why should her son never have told her of the advent of this new-found relation of his wife? Who was he, and where did he come from? It was very mysterious, and she didn't like mysteries—they worried her.

Presently, very slow and cautious footsteps were heard descending the stairs, and Lizzie Pearce pushed open the door and led in the person whom the boys had christened "Bogy."

The girl led him carefully to his chair, and punched and patted up the cushions for him before she placed him therein. He panted a good deal, as though the exertion of coming downstairs had overcome him, and she lifted his legs and put them on a soft footstool.

"Ah!" he said, in a sharp, shrill, groaning voice. "Good girl—good girl! All out—eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Eh?"

She took the tube which was suspended from his neck, and repeated her words. He heard them now and nodded.

"I want my tea," he said, querulously. "They shouldn't go out when I want my tea."

"You shall have it in a minute," said Lizzie, putting him straight in his chair. "Don't you make a fuss. Here's a lady come to have tea with you."

"A lady?"

"Yes. Won't you say 'How d'ye do' to her?"

"Where is she? What's her name?"

"She's here, and you mustn't be rude. Her name's Mrs. Caterham, and she's master's mother."

"Ah, I see her, and I'm very glad to see her," said the old man, in a cracked, high-pitched voice. "George Caterham is a good man, and I'm sure his mother's a good woman. How d'ye do, ma'am?—how d'ye do?"

"Very well, thank you, Mr.—a—a——What did you say his name was, Lizzie?" Mrs. Caterham asked, with her brain in a strange whirl.

Something in the old man's voice, a tone now and then, had struck some chord in her memory which she could not make speak. She had heard, or something like it, before—whether from dead or living lips she could not tell. She felt eerie and uncomfortable in the presence of this aged stranger, and wished her son would return.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW BRACY BURGOYNE DIED.

Silence! Forth we bring him
In his last array.
From love, the freed, the flown;
Way for the bier! Make way!
—HEMANS.

Lizzie Pearce did not at first reply to Mrs. Caterham's question as to the name of her son's guest. She seemed to be thinking, as if her memory had failed her. At length, as if she seemed to recall it by an effort:

"His name's Denham," she said; "Mr. John Denham. It's on his cards."

"Yes, John Denham—that's me," said the old man, chuckling with senile mirth. "I'm over eighty years old, I am."

He appeared to be very old and infirm—a man who had been over the medium height in his prime, but who was bent and decrepid now. His hair, what there was of it, was snow-white and long, falling in scanty locks over his shoulders. His eyebrows and beard were very thick, the latter entirely concealing the lower part of his face. He wore a pair of pointed spectacles of grey glass, and his clothes, though of good material and scrupulously clean, were of foreign appearance, and hung loose upon his shrivelled limbs.

Mrs. Caterham acknowledged the information, and tried to make herself agreeable to him.

"Stay with me, Lizzie," she said to the girl. "I don't like to be alone with him. Bless my soul, he'll rattle himself all to pieces!" as the octogenarian broke into a fit of coughing that seemed to shake him from head to foot, and sent him down among the cushions in a gasping, struggling heap.

"Oh, no, he won't, ma'am," Lizzie said, as she pulled him up and shook him into place again. "His cough's very bad sometimes, but he gets over it, don't you, sir?"

"Ah, yes, I get over it. I'm strong, I am. Coughs won't kill me!"

And he chuckled and gasped in a fashion that seemed as though it would bring on another fit.

"It's more than you look any way," said Mrs. Caterham, in a low tone. "Give him some tea, do, Lizzie, and whatever your master wanted to hamper himself with such a supernatural old scarecrow for, I can't think."

Mr. John Denham could certainly not have heard the old lady's concluding remark, for his trumpet was hanging idle when it was made.

Perhaps the expression of face which accompanied it told something; any way he laughed, and Lizzie Pearce, too—the latter turning to the tea table, and busying herself with the cups and saucers.

In the midst of the meal the rattle of wheels announced the arrival of the master and mistress, and Mrs. Caterham went out joyfully to meet him.

"What, mammie!" said the farmer, taking her in his arms, and sorely rumpling her dainty frills and laces. "Who'd have thought of seeing you? Where did you spring from, old lady? There, there, boys, don't pull granny to bits, she's tired."

It was worth coming all the way from Staffordshire for—this loving greeting from all. Grizel's a little quieter than the others, maybe, but none the less loving.

They led the old lady back in triumph to the sitting room, and the society of Mr. John Denham.

"So you've been introduced, I see," George Caterham said. "Queer start, isn't it, mammie, to have relations one doesn't know turning up in Demerara, and coming home to be taken care of. He's a jolly old boy when he's roused up, though I must say 'tisn't often."

"I can't think how you could, George," said his mother, expostulating, while the children went to "Bogy's" chair and exhibited various treasures brought from the town.

He seemed interested and pleased with their prattle and antics, and patiently held his trumpet to his ear to catch every word their fearless little tongues uttered.

"Grizzy didn't fancy it at first," Mr. Caterham said. "She'd heard of him, and that was all; but it seemed such a forlorn thing for the poor old fellow to land in England without a soul to see him, and with a broken arm, too, that we thought we'd try it. There's money enough paid with him to keep him handsomely and pay us for the trouble, and it isn't much after all. He's quiet enough, and grateful for what is done for him, and it's a real work of charity to keep him."

After tea, when Mr. Denham and his cough were dismissed to bed, the farmer showed his mother the letter which had led to his reception of the old man. It was from a lawyer, setting forth that he had been thrown on his hands by the death of his grand-daughter, and that they had found he was related to Mrs. John Caterham, whom he opined was the proper person to advise him what to do with him.

"So there was nothing for it but to have him here, you see," Grizel said, when her husband had finished; "and I don't mind it much."

Mrs. Caterham didn't sleep well that night at all. Her room was replete with every comfort, but her brain was too busy. She lay, and tossed, and twisted in her soft bed, and when at length she fell into a fitful slumber it was only to wake with a sudden start, and the horror of a great mystery upon her, for in her dreams there had come to her the knowledge of whose voice it was she had heard in the tones of the wheezy old man her son had received into his house.

Mrs. Caterham did not stay very long at her son's on this particular occasion. Somehow, she felt uncomfortable at being in the house with Mr. John Denham. That venerable invalid puzzled her not a little, and the very thought of the strange terror that had come upon her on the night of her arrival was enough to make her heart beat thick, and her hands shake as if with palsy.

Certainly he did not trouble her much, for the very day after she first saw him he was taken very unwell, and kept his room for the rest of her stay. Lizzie Pearce and her mistress waited upon him most assiduously, and George Caterham went in and out of his room many times a day. Truth to tell, the good old lady was just the least bit jealous of this intruder, who seemed to monopolize all the attention of her son and his family, and suspicious also; but, though she watched and wondered, she could discover nothing but that Mr. Denham was very old, very infirm, and, for some reason or other, none of the servants except Lizzie were allowed to go into his room.

Her son was strangely reticent about him. After his voluntary explanation of who the old man was, and how he came to be at Caterham, he would enter into no further particulars, and always managed to stop her when she began to talk about him.

"Poor old buffer, let him alone," he said one day, when she made some remarks about him. "He's harmless enough. You've taken a strange dislike to him, mammie."

"Not dislike, George—fear."

"Fear—of him?"

"Ah, you may laugh at me, and think me very foolish; but the feeling is there, my boy, and I can't shake it off. I feel as though this man would be the means of working some terrible wrong or ill to you, or to some one you love and respect."

"So long as it isn't to you or to me, mammie, it doesn't concern me much. He'll have to make haste about it if he's to compass much good or evil either, in what remains of his poor old life. Don't you worry your dear old self; you'll turn your hair gray."

And he laughed—a big, hearty laugh—as he took her wrinkled face between his two great hands and kissed it, and tenderly stroked the soft white hair, where not a thread remained to tell of what its color might have been. Not that Mrs. Caterham was an aged woman. She was not more than a year or two at most over sixty; but her hair had early turned white, and was very beautiful, as white hair mostly is, in its silvery softness.

"My hair turned gray many a year ago," she said, "but not without sorrow or worry, thank heaven! Don't joke about my feeling troubled, George. I am worried. You have seemed so full of mysteries lately."

"Mysteries, mammie! This poor old man isn't much of a mystery."

"Yes he is; and then there was Lady Euphemia before you went away from Castletowers."

"My dear mammie, Lady Euphemia was a sick girl, on the verge of a brain fever. If it pleased her to take or fancy an interest in my cattle, and so forth, it did me no harm to humor her."

"Then you really did buy a Hereford?"

"Of course I did, and she knew it. Come out to the byres, and I'll show you the beast." She hasn't turned out such a great milker as I expected. About eight quarts is the most we have got from her yet."

And Mrs. Caterham picked her way to the byres, redolent with the sweet breath of the cows, and was shown a great, solemn-looking red beast, with a white face, who turned her huge sides about and contemplated her wonderingly, while her son pointed out her peculiar beauties and advantages.

Still, there was an incongruity about Lady Euphemia Breakspeare's interest in such a particularly prosaic animal, that puzzled her. Her ladyship was in Italy again with her aunt, and very much better. Mrs. Caterham had heard from her once.

"Mind you tell her the Hereford's all right," the farmer said, smiling at his mother's knitted brows, and the housekeeper did as she was bid.

She wrote from Caterham to Florence, and told the Lady Euphemia, not only about the cow, but about her son's mysterious lodger also. It was something of a relief to her mind to write of what was oppressing her; she liked to tell her troubles.

Somehow, this visit to her son's house had not been so happy as usual, and she was not sorry when it came to a close. The morning before she proposed to return, her son looked up from his newspaper with an exclamation of surprise.

"What's the matter?" asked Grizel, for her husband's face looked perplexed to the last degree.

He recovered himself in an instant, and answered her, though there was still a puzzled look about his eyes.

"There's been a terrible railway accident," he said.

"Where?"

"On the London, Chatham and Dover line. The boat train from London was run into between Canterbury and Dover, and there's a lot of people killed and hurt."

"Any one we know?" asked Grizel. "You looked half frightened."

"Did I? Well, somebody we know is mentioned here. I don't think you ever saw him, Grizzy; but mother here knew him, and so did I slightly."

"Who is it?" asked Mrs. Caterham, putting on her spectacles. "Dear, dear! how dreadful those railway accidents are, to be sure! Somebody we know! Well, well!"

"You knew him, mammie—I can hardly say I did."

"Who is it, George?"

"Mr. Burgoyne."

"Who?"

Mrs. Caterham took off her spectacles, and stared at her son, with a look of terror on her face.

"It is so set down here," he replied. "Mr. Bracy Burgoyne is certainly among the sufferers."

"Let me look, my dear—let me read it for myself," said the old lady, with hands trembling with eagerness as she held them out for the paper.

Her son handed it to her, and pointed out the place, and then strode upstairs to have a few minutes talk with Mr. John Denham. He never omitted this visit when the old man was upstairs, let him be ever so busy.

Mrs. Caterham was left alone to read the account of the accident, which had indeed been a terrible one, and one, also, which it was impossible to foresee or prevent.

Something had happened to the engine of the boat train about midway between two of the small stations beyond Canterbury, and brought it to a sudden standstill. Before it could be set in motion again, or any means could be taken to prevent such a catastrophe, it had been run into by another train, and a fearful loss of life and limb ensued. There was a long account of all that took place, and among the list of the killed was the name of Bracy Burgoyne. The unfortunate gentleman was mutilated beyond all possibility of recognition, but was identified by an over coat he wore, which bore his name in full on a parchment label inside the collar, and a small book of private memoranda found in the pocket thereof. There could be no possible doubt. A gentleman but slightly injured identified the remains. He knew Mr. Burgoyne very well, he said, but was not aware he was traveling by that train.

"What can have kept him all this time in England?" thought Mrs. Caterham. "He said he was going abroad immediately when he wrote to me."

George Caterham had a long business letter to write to the lawyer who had sent Mr. John Denham to him, before he could join the family circle that evening. The old gentleman was very particular over it, and when it was signed and sealed it was deposited in the farmer's pocket-book, to be posted by himself. Mr. Denham did not choose to have his letters conveyed to the post by servants.

Mrs. Caterham went home wondering over all that had happened, and speculating, as she passed Ferndale, on what would become of that seemingly unlucky house.

Nothing was done with it, apparently. Some lawyer or other held it in trust for the heirs of Bracy Burgoyne, and in the meantime it was to be let, if an eligible tenant appeared. But the place seemed to have an evil reputation, and no one cared to live in it, and the spiders spun their webs and the dust settled over all the pretty luxuries the dead man had gathered together for his lovely, but heartless wife.

Lady Royston and her niece read the account of the catastrophe with strange wonder and dismay. The elder lady felt nothing but pity and horror at the fate of a man she had known and liked; the face of the younger wore a look of terror and bewilderment.

"Oh, auntie," she said, "isn't it horrible? I'm so frightened and sick when I think of it."

"My poor Phemie, I don't wonder; it's a miserable business. I had no idea what I was coming to when I began to read. It is horrid to hear of the death of any one you love; and you did love him, I know, though he treated you so cruelly."

"Did love him, auntie? I do love him—shall love him till I die—after it, if we are permitted in the next world to remember what made our hearts beat and our pulses throb on this lower earth. Nothing can change or lessen my love. He treat me cruelly? He is the very soul of honor and gentle sympathy; he would not knowingly give pain to a woman."

"And yet he gave you enough, Phemie. What was the secret of his life? Why would he not ally himself with the Breakspeares?"

"It was his secret, and not mine. I promised him I would never reveal it."

"But he is dead now, child; and death absolves you from your promise."

"I think not. I promised to keep it while I lived, and whether Bracy Burgoyne be dead or not I will not break my word."

Lady Royston could not urge her niece further, though she was secretly very much annoyed with her for what she termed her obstinacy. She would very likely have shown her displeasure more, but for a circumstance that diverted her thoughts from Lady Euphemia and Bracy Burgoyne to the aunt of the latter, Miss Alice Burgoyne, whose acquaintance she somewhat coldly made.

She was out in the afternoon doing some shopping, and was conscious of a little old woman in a Bath chair being wheeled along by the side of her carriage, and stopping wherever she stopped. She wondered a little if the occupant of the chair were crazy, for both herself and her vehicle were eccentric looking in the highest degree; but it did not appear so.

Presently the female attendant, who was walking by the side of the chair, came up to her, invited thereto by the old lady, and inquired if she were Lady Royston.

She answered in the affirmative, and the girl begged her to go and speak to her mistress for a moment.

"She says you know her name, my lady—Miss Burgoyne."

"I know Miss Burgoyne very well by name," replied Lady Royston, courteously; "I shall be happy to know her personally."

And she went to the side of the chair, and shook hands with the curious looking old woman, who had tears on her withered cheeks.

"I am newly come to Florence, Lady Royston," she said, "and I don't know a soul here. You knew my nephew Bracy, I think; did you not?"

"I did."

"Ah! you say did, not do; you have heard then!"

"Yes."

"When?"

"This morning."

"My poor boy! I'm quite bewildered by it," said the odd old woman. "Will you come and see me, Lady Royston? There's not a soul here that knew him, and I want to be able to talk to some one that knew him, now and then."

"I will come this evening," her ladyship said "with pleasure," and she went, leaving Lady Euphemia alone, though she would have been considerably astonished, could she have seen how that young lady passed her time while she was away.

She wrote a tolerably long letter to Mr. George Caterham, which she went out and posted with her own hands, to the great amazement of her maid, who thought her young lady must be going mad.

But Lady Euphemia was not mad by any means. Her letter was perfectly coherent, and an answer came back by return post, addressed to "*Miss Smith, Post restante. To be called for*," which the daughter of the Breakspeares did not disdain to fetch herself.

CHAPTER XVII.

FREE!

Free as the chartered libertine—
The omnipresent air.
—Anon.

Lady Royston proved herself very useful in a good-natured sort of way to the eccentric old lady, whom this sudden loss of her nephew seemed to have prostrated entirely. She had not seen him for a long time, she said. She had received several telegrams from him lately, and one letter stating that he had hurt his hand a little, and was scarcely able to write; it was not much, but he was obliged to keep it tied up.

"And only the very day before this dreadful accident," the old lady wailed, "I got a telegram to say he was just starting, and I was prepared to receive him when I met you."

She was very helpless, in her misery, and Lady Royston undertook a great deal of business for her. She telegraphed to her lawyers for her, begging them to identify and arrange for the funeral of her nephew, and received such an answer from them as put the matter beyond all doubt. They had seen and identified the body. The coat, and the little book in the pocket thereof, were evidence sufficient; no one would have any use for the memoranda contained in it but Mr. Burgoyne himself. The other articles in the pockets of the deceased told nothing. Watch, rings, knife, purse, etc., were all without any distinguishing mark to a stranger; nor were there any initials or name on the underclothing.

The lawyers wrote to Miss Burgoyne that the funeral would be largely attended by friends of the deceased who had known and respected him, and that, unless she particularly wished to come over, there would be no necessity for her presence.

She was so manifestly unfit for the journey that Lady Royston persuaded her not to think of attempting it, and directions were sent for all things to be done in a proper manner, and for the personal effects to be forwarded to Florence without delay. Rather a curious answer came back to this letter. The funeral had been performed with all the observances, and a suitable tombstone ordered, but the lawyers could hear nothing of any effects belonging to Mr. Bracy Burgoyne. Where he had been, or what he had been doing for the last four months no one seemed to know; and wherever he had resided, there his portable possessions must be! The letter went on to say that the firm had communicated with Mr. Burgoyne's own solicitor, who was quite in the dark as to his client's movements, and had not seen him for months. They would advertise if Miss Burgoyne wished it, and asked if she could give any information about what property her nephew had in movables and jewelry.

"I'm sure I don't know," Miss Burgoyne said to Lady Royston. "You see, he came to me so seldom; he liked England best, and traveling about. I haven't an idea what he had."

"Had he no other relatives besides you?"

"Not on this side of the Atlantic. You see, his father and I were the only ones in our family, and he's an only child himself—so was his mother. There are some cousins in America who will come in for his money. I suppose that man, Marsham, will have to hunt them up now."

"Is that Mr. Burgoyne's lawyer?"

"Yes."

"Had you not better write to him?"

"No; I won't!" said the old lady, irascibly.

"Why not?"

"Because he's a jackanapes."

Lady Royston had to wait for an explanation of Miss Burgoyne's enmity against Mr. Marsham, and it came very fully, for she was voluble of speech when her ire was aroused. Marsham was a sneak—a wicked, designing serpent. He had tried to stir up her nephew to disobey her, and put his inheritance in jeopardy; which, being interpreted, meant that Mr. Marsham had strongly counselled his client to marry and settle, and not lead an aimless, purposeless life, depending on the whims of a woman.

"And he called me an arbitrary old catamoran," said Miss Bvrgoyne, shaking her crape frills till she looked like an infuriated jackdaw. "I heard of it, and I won't write to him, or read any letters from him; that I won't."

"But Mr. Burgoyne had property, had he not?" Lady Royston asked.

"Ah! I have nothing to do with it. It goes to the American people. Let Marsham find them; they're as polite as he is in the things they say. They came, making the tour of Europe, and saw me at Mentone—said I was a splendid specimen of the Antediluvian period, one of the sons did. They'll agree with Mr. Marsham nicely!"

Lady Royston was sorry for the old woman's obstinacy, but it was no business of hers. She had nothing to do with Bracy Burgoyne's affairs; and though she wondered, she said no more. Week after week advertisements appeared in the English and continental papers offering rewards for any information about Bracy Burgoyne's residence for the last six months and the recovery of his effects, but no reply came, and gradually the subject died a natural death.

* * * * * *

There was yet another person to whom the story of that terrible railway accident came like a thunderclap of horror, and that was the dead man's wife! She left the hotel at Stafford, as the telegram desired her, and proceeded to Birmingham. Perhaps she could have thrown some light on the movements of Bracy Burgoyne during the time that had elapsed since George Caterham and others had seen him at Ferndale—but supposed to be dead—was at best but an unacknowledged wife. What weight would any story from her lips have even should she come forward and speak?

She was at no handsome hotel when the news came to her, but in an humble lodging, in an obscure suburban street in London. Things had not been going well with her evidently; her dress was plain, and she looked like a woman over whose head years of suffering and anxiety had passed. Whether she had worn Bracy Burgoyne's patience out at last by her temper and folly, and he had voluntarily separated from her, only the Above knew. She had been at Stanley Villas a week, and he was not with her. She went as Mrs. Trentham—the name he had given her in her new life—so she was not concealing herself from him. She had plenty of luggage, and no lack of money—two facts which made the landlady overlook the want of reference, and take the forlorn looking woman into her vacant rooms.

"I shall require very little," Mrs. Trentham remarked, "I only want quiet."

"And that you'll get here, ma'am," the woman said. "There ain't a quieter street in all the Junction road than this, except for the organ man and the cat's-meat man, and such—and it's a respectable place, too, when your friends come to see you."

"Friends!" and the new lodger laughed a hollow, bitter sort of laugh. "I hav'n't any friends."

"Law! ma'am. Everyone has got somebody as is glad to see 'em sometimes."

"I hav'n't. In all wide London there is not a more friendless creature than I am. You won't have to come upstairs to answer the door to any visitors of mine."

The landlady was puzzled, and kept a strict watch on her tenant, to find out if she were quite right in her head, but no evidence appeared to the contrary. She would have liked very much to have seen what Mrs. Trentham had in all her boxes, but the locks mastered her, and the lady paid on the instant for everything, so she had no motive for curiosity or suspicion.

One thing puzzled her—the lady was excessively nervous. A strange footstep or knock at the door made her color come and go with surprising rapidity, and the accidental visit of a policeman to the house the day after her arrival fairly sent her into an hysterical fit, from which she was with difficulty recovered.

It was very odd; but she was so quiet, and gave so little trouble, that the woman of the house put aside any suspicions she might have, and let her remain without expressing them.

In her heart of hearts she began to fancy that her lodger might have done something which placed her within the pale of the law. She felt sorry for her forlorn weariness, and strove to cheer her by every means in her power. The fact was that Mrs. Trentham had been suffering from too great a strain on her mental faculties, and was suffering a relapse. Whatever the cause might be, she was in a state which is frequently the precursor of severe mental or bodily illness. Fever or madness was hanging over her, and she was too weak and apathetic to struggle with the lethargy which oppressed her.

She would sit for hours staring blankly into the quiet street with no consciousness of what she saw there, and unable to arouse herself to any interest in life or passing events.

"I shall die," she would murmur to herself, "die just as I have dared to win all—die with the chance of grasping the prize in my hands—and then—ah!"

A sick shiver came over her as she thought of the dread

Something after death—
The undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveller returns.

Verily, the fear was puzzling her will, and making her cheeks grow pale, and her heart beat thick and fast.

"Law! Mrs. Trentham, ma'am, you *do* look bad," the landlady exclaimed, entering the room. "Do you want your tea?"

"I suppose I do," she replied, with a feeble smile; "I don't feel very well."

"Very well! I should think not. You look like a ghost. I'll bring in your tea in a minute, and the newspaper. There's been an awful accident; it will brighten you up a bit, perhaps, to read it."

And she hurried off to fetch this strange cure for depressed spirits.

Hilda drank her tea and read the paper, but without much interest or knowledge of what she was reading until she saw the name of Bracy Burgoyne.

"I must be going mad!" she murmured. "It cannot be!"

Again and again she read it. There could be no doubt it was the name of her husband; he had been identified, and was known. And as the full knowledge of the truth gradually dawned upon her the room seemed to swim round and round with her, and she slipped from her chair to the ground in a deathlike swoon.

The landlady, coming in presently to remove the tray, found her lodger dead as she thought, and set up such a howl as brought every one in the house to see what was the matter.

Mrs. Trentham was laid on the sofa and plentifully sprinkled with cold water, which soon revived her, when she apologised for causing such a commotion.

"She had been feeling very weak," she said, "and she said reading of the accident had upset her. She knew the place well, and one or two of the names were familiar to her."

They left her alone presently, for she begged them to do so. She thought she could sleep, she said, and she crawled from the couch with shaking limbs and picked up the discarded paper.

"No, it was no dream," she said, turning to the tale of the accident. "It is here—Bracy Burgoyne. Let me think."

She rested her head upon her hands and stared into the fire.

Bracy Burgoyne was killed on the railway yesterday, and they knew him by his coat—a brown overcoat, with velvet collar and cuffs—an ugly thing that he rarely wore, because his wife didn't like it. His coat and his memorandum book—how could it be? Ah, I have it! I am a widow—a free woman—made so by the act of yonder dead man, who was so mutilated that recognition was impossible."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LIFE HISTORY.

BY P. B. DOYLE.

I.

So they parted full of yearning that was checked by stiffnecked pride,
While the hope that made earth seeming bright bent down its head and died.
And the two went forth in patience with the crosses they must bear;
For young hearts will err in loving and the world's not always fair.

II.

Fade the myrtle and the laurel that their foreheads once had crowned,
And they bend to Fate's stern order, with the victim's chaplet bound;
Kneeling there at Duty's altar, priest-like sworn to act their part,
Sworn to suffer and be silent, though 'tis hell within the heart.

III.

There's a light in tender glances that for them shall never burn;
There's a song in sweet low voices their worn souls can never learn.
Children's love or baby prattle it is not for them to know;
Joyless tends Life's pathway deathward, rough and thorny—and they go.

IV.

When of old God spake in thunder, and its light-born lurid flame
Smote the earth, the spot was holy both in sanctity and name.
So, it may be, those lives blasted by the lightning-dart of love,
Doing all things well and truly, meet with fuller grace above.

Aunt Calista's Hair.

"Splendid!"
"Magnificent!"
"So long!"
"So thick!"
"And soft!"
"And glossy!"
"The loveliest brown!"
"With just a tinge of gold!"
"And it waves so sweetly!"

It was Edna and Alice Bristol who were praising their Aunt Calista's hair. Aunt Calista "pished!" and "pshawed!" and begged them to hush; but it was evident after all that she was pleased at their enthusiastic praise of what was her only positive attraction. An attraction of which she, poor soul, had been heretofore but dimly conscious, for all her life thus far had been so occupied in caring for others, that she had had no time to think of herself, whether she were a fright or otherwise; though a fright she certainly was not, for her complexion was clear and fair, and her expression was one of great sweetness and intelligence, too; so what matter if her features were not all cast in beauty's perfect mould.

A quiet, sober, and at times a sorrowful existence had been hers since her earliest girlhood—she was now bordering upon old maidhood—when, for several years, she was almost the sole nurse and companion of an invalid mother; and then later, when death had removed from her clinging arms this loved charge, her father was stricken down with an incurable and lingering disease, and she was kept a close though not unwilling prisoner at his side for many more weary years, until now he too was mercifully taken to his rest, and she had come to make her home for awhile with an only sister, who had married and removed far from her native place, many years before.

This sister and her two young daughters were gay and fashionable, and it seemed like being in a new world to her, quiet old maid as she was, and she kept within the seclusion of her own room as much as her lively nieces would allow her.

Do not imagine, though, that she was either awkward or vulgar, for she was nothing of the kind. Her father had been a man of high mental culture and refinement, and the few friends who visited him occasionally during his long illness were gentlemen of like tastes and advantages; besides, too, she, with him, had been a constant reader of all the standard literature, as fast as it came before the public; so that, although dreading society, and shrinking and easily embarrassed when compelled to mingle in it, she was far from being a person of whom her friends need feel ashamed had they been much more sensitive than they were.

"Oh, Aunt Cally," pleaded Edna, "do let us dress your hair for you; just this once. You've no idea what a difference it will make in your appearance to have it done fashionably. You might be stylish, if you only would. Why, your hair alone is enough to make your fortune."

"Make my fortune!" said Aunt Cally. "I don't understand. Sell it, do you mean?"

"Catch a husband with it, I mean!" laughed Edna. "Now don't look so horrified, aunty. You must know that every girl and women wants to do that—catch a husband—whether they will own up to it or not."

Aunt Calista was horrified quite as much as her looks expressed.

"Catch a husband!" she gasped. "Girls of your age talking like that! Why, I thought it was women who were caught, if there were any catching in the case. I didn't know that they hunted or fished for husbands."

"Well, they do, Aunt Cally," asserted Alice, she, as well as Edna, amused at their aunt's "country simplicity," as they called it. "Why, half the women here are doing their very best to catch Lawyer Chester now."

"The bold, forward things!" exclaimed Aunt Calista in great disgust. "If he has any sense, he won't have any of them. I hope neither of you are included in the number."

Alice tossed her head with a little sniff, saying:

"I don't care for a husband old enough to be my father, if he is rich and popular; and as for Edna"—with an arch look toward her sister—"she has her fish already caught; so don't worry about us, but just be nice and let us braid these beautiful long tresses, and put them up high upon your head in a lovely coil, and then you'll look young and pretty; and you shall catch Lawyer Chester yourself, so you shall, without trying one bit."

"You make me ashamed, though I know you are only teasing. If I thought you were in earnest, I should be angry with you," replied Aunt Calista.

But the girls had their way with her hair, though they nearly had their labor for their pains, for when she escaped from them at last and took a look at herself in the glass, she gave a half-frightened exclamation of "Oh, my patience!" and unconsciously put up her hands to destroy the wonderful structure they had built of it. They both flew to the rescue, laughing and seizing her hands.

"Don't, don't, aunty!" they both entreated; and Edna added: "You look splendid, and you'll get used to it in a little while; so now, please, put on your most becoming dress, and then if company calls you must not run off and hide yourself as soon as the bell rings. You look ever so much like mamma now, only younger, and she's not thought to be a bad looking woman, I assure you."

Two hours later, Aunt Calista came stealthily down stairs with a volume of Bryant's poems in her hand and her black straw flat "upon her face." She said there was no other way to wear it. She was going for a walk, mainly to escape the company which she was certain was expected during the afternoon.

"Wait a moment, aunty," called out Alice, who provokingly came through the hall just as she thought she had escaped the observation of any of the family. "Wait a moment and let me bunch up your overskirt a little more. You are determined to ruin all your prospects in life, and disappoint the cherished hopes of your dearest friends."

Aunt Cally laughingly eluded her, and, darting through the door, disappeared around the house and took her way across the garden and through the meadow to the brook, which skirted its farther edge. She strolled along its bank until it entered a wood, and then for some distance farther, enjoying the coolness, the silence and the restful quiet.

"Oh, this is lovely!" she said to herself. "And there is just the place I have been looking for: That spreading beech upon the bank. I wish that bunch of alders was not there, though; they hide the brook from me; but never mind, I can hear it ripple, and gurgle, and 'babble,' I believe the poets call it, and that will do quite as well as seeing it."

So she climbed the steep bank and seated herself with her back against the smooth stem of the beech, and, removing her hat, looked about her for a few minutes, and then with a sigh of satisfaction opened her book and read:

"Here are seen
No traces of man's pomp or pride; no silks
Rustle, no jewels shine, nor envious eyes
Encounter; no fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race, to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here; thou fill'st
The solitude."

Hark! Was not that footsteps! It certainly was; and they were coming down to the brook. Now she was glad of the alder screen. She would remain quite still, and the person, whoever it might be, would pass on, unconscious of her presence.

There he came; she would peep through the bushes and see that it was a man; yes, a man with a fishing-rod—a stout, middle-aged man—"And, of all things! if he isn't going to stop right here! Well, this is a situation! I can't go away. He'd be sure to see me. I shall have to sit still and hold my breath. What if he stays here all the afternoon! I hope to goodness he won't catch a single fish, the brute! I won't look at him!" for she had been peeping down through the branches of the alders, while the gentleman was rapidly preparing for his cruel sport.

It was rather an embarrassing situation for a timid spinster, to be sure. The gentleman was so close to her that, but for the screen of alders, she could almost have touched his hat with her hand. The alder-bushes were barely high enough to hide her from view, as she sat. The moment she arose she might be discovered. Besides the unpleasantness of the situation, she had a profound horror of fishing.

"I won't look! I *won't* look!" she said to herself, over and over, and resolutely bent her eyes upon her book. But try as she might, she could not take the sense of what she read, and could not keep her eyes from stealing glances now and then through the leaves, down at the unconscious figure, sitting so motionless almost at her feet. How absorbed he was! she could not see his face, of course, for his back was towards her; but she fancied that his eyes were bent immovably upon his line, watching for the least intimation of a bite or nibble.

Before she was aware, she, too, began to be interested. Luckily, or unluckily, she could see a bit of the line, just where it entered the water. There! did it not tremble a little? No, it was only a ripple in the water that moved it. There, again! That certainly was something. Oh, dear! it was too dreadful! What if some poor little hungry, unsuspecting fish were to come along, and be caught on that cruel hook, deceived by the tempting bait, and she should be obliged to witness the barbarous transaction. She would not look another second. But, somehow, she couldn't stop looking, and every minute vibration of the line only increased the fascination, and made her the more anxious for the result. Once or twice the hook was lifted out of the water for an instant, and each time she almost shrieked aloud.

"If he should bring up a poor little struggling creature, I shall scream, I know I shall," she said to herself. "It seems as if I must throw something at him, the great, awful brute!"

She had half risen now, and was peering over the tops of the alders with anxious, frightened eyes riveted upon the line, feeling, as she had just said, as though she must scream, when, all at once, there was a very perceptible pull downward, followed instantly by a most vigorous jerk upwards, and she did scream, for, good gracious! what was it tugging at her hair, as though the purpose was to take it all out by the roots?

Her scream brought the gentleman to her side almost instantly.

"Good Heavens, madam!" he exclaimed, excitedly, "I hope you are not hurt. What is it? Ah! I see; my fish-hook caught in your hair. How awkward of me! However, be calm, madam,"—this, by the way, was wholly unnecessary, for Aunt Calista was as quiet and composed, to all outward appearance, now as she ever was in her life"—"I can very soon extricate it, if you will allow me." And without waiting for permission, with deft, pliant fingers, he set about his task, talking volubly all the while; now a word or two of apology for himself, then a remark upon the beautiful day, then her book—Bryant was a favorite of his, too—then a compliment to her hair—he wouldn't have believed it was natural—until, at last, in a tone of satisfaction, and with a little flourish of the hands, "There we are," he said, "clear at last!" And Aunt Calista thanked him, without exactly knowing for what, however; and, taking her book and hat, prepared to return home.

Half an hour later, her sister and nieces were electrified by seeing her walk shyly into the house, accompanied by Lawyer Chester, for it was he, and this is the way their acquaintance began. How it grew and ripened I shall leave you to guess from this slight conversation which somebody overheard the following Christmas:

"It was your hair that did it, after all Aunt Cally,"—it was Edna who was speaking—"and what did I tell you? Didn't I say that, properly managed, your hair might make your fortune? And hasn't it? You've got a husband, or will have one to-morrow."

"But please to remember, miss, Aunt Calista replied, with spirit, "that *I* was the one that was caught."

HE dines sumptuously who dines out of debt.

FEMININITIES.

A lock of hair from a young woman's head if often a key to a young man's heart.

T. W. Higginson believes that woman suffrage should be settled by State governments.

They say that Dr. Mary Walker, growing extravagant, talks of trimming her pantaloons with old lace.

Does it seem the correct thing for a glee club to sing under a lady's window, as a serenade, "Darling, you are growing old?"

Applicants for admission to the Swathmore College for girls, conducted by Quakers, must promise, not to wear false hair.

Women are proverbially severe in their criticisms of each other's attire. It makes all the difference in the world whose dress is gored.

A young lady in Wisconsin refused an offer of marriage on the ground that her father was not able to support a larger family.

A court in Indiana has recently decided that there is no limit to the number of persons whom a girl may sue, simultaneously, for breach of promise.

In the tenth century, to eat off the same plate, and drink out of the same cup, was considered a mark of gallantry, and the best possible understanding between a lady and gentleman.

A young wife approached the housemaid in the dark, and playfully seized her by the waist. "Do stop, Monsieur, or Madame may catch us," was the maid's caution.

A Harrisburg paper, answering a correspondent on a question of etiquette, says: "When a gentleman and lady are walking up the street, the lady should walk inside of the gentleman."

A lady on the Westside was joked the other day, about her nose, which has an inclination to turn up. "Ah, do not say anything about my nose. I had nothing to do in shaping it. It was a birthday present."

A Denver man went home the other night and tenderly kissed his wife. When she recovered somewhat from her astonishment she recalled the unhappy truth, and wept copiously. The man was as tight as a brick.

A Monroe, Iowa, Justice of the Peace has ruled that a father has no right to occupy his parlor while the daughter and her beaus have possession. A young man bounced a gentleman from his room, and was locked up for assault, but was acquitted at trial.

A West Virginia maiden, whose affianced did not appear on the wedding night, went to the window, and, remarking that it wasn't good weather for a marriage, anyhow, put on her bonnet and acted as bridesmaid for one of her friends across the street.

A chipper little miss of three summers was standing before a mirror, inspecting and admiring a new dress, the other day, when she turned to her mother and exclaimed: "Mamma, I want a dragger!" There is no doubt but that young lady will keep up with the fashions.

A St. Paul, Minn., paper shows that more than two and-a-half times as many young men are stricken with insanity as women in Minnesota, but so soon as the men are married they get well, and then more than twice the number of women lose their reason! This is a sad thing, sure enough. The question arises whether the men or women are most serviceable to the State, and which shall occupy the insane asylum.

HEAVEN'S SWEET MISSIONARY.—A growing flower was given to a sick girl. In trying to take care of it the family made changes in their way of living. First they cleaned a window, that more light might come to its leaves; then they would open the window, that fresh air might help the plant to grow. Next the clean window made the room look so untidy that they used to wash the floors and walls and arrange the furniture more neatly. This led the father of the family to mend a broken chair or two, which kept him at home several evenings. After the work was done he stayed at home instead of spending his leisure hours at the tavern, and the money thus saved went to buy comforts for them all. As the home grew attractive the whole family loved it better than ever before, and grew healthier and happier with their flowers. Thus the little plant brought a blessing.

PRE-RAPHAELITE DRESS.—One of the most important features in a graceful figure—hence one of the most conspicuous and valuable innovations of the Pre-Raphaelite school—is the waist. The first aim is to have an "antique waist"—which a vulgar mind would pronounce horribly thick—thick like the Venus de Medicis, thick like that far nobler Venus of Milo. And why? Because the proportion of the figure, the grace of action and carriage, are so dependent on the waist being of the right size, that it is impossible to preach too strongly the folly and ugliness of tight-lacing. The coarse, abrupt curves which is formed by a small waist and broad hips is very far removed from Hogarth's true "line of beauty," which is a curve extremely gradual. What is gained by an ugly angular waist like a V? Nothing but a long list of hideous maladies which sap the health and spoil the complexion. What is gained by a somewhat large "antique waist?" Good proportion in an artist's eye, ease and grace of movement, often a really statuesque carriage—impossible to the slaves of *la mode*, with their hard, bony cuirasses on.

NOT EASILY FOOLED.—At Oshkosh, Wis., three gamblers laid a plan to clean out a fourth at poker. The victim was dealt four aces, to induce him to bet, but was given six cards so as to make a misdeal. But "Greeny" backed his four for all he was worth and won, when his opponents charged him with having another card secreted about his person. A search revealed nothing, and he departed with his winnings. It was afterward discovered that he had slipped the extra card into a sandwich which he was eating while playing, and had actually eaten it.

A $50,000 DOG.—The dog that attracted the most attention at the dog fair lately held in St. Louis was Lulu, a brindled Scotch deerhound, four years of age. He is of the Sir Walter Scott breed, and imported from the kennels of Queen Victoria. His selling price is the enormous amount of $50,000. His fine head, bright intelligent eyes, and graceful gait were objects of general remark, and every one anxious to get a glimpse of the $50,000 dog.

NEWS of INTEREST

—The Chicago board of trade has 1,825 members.

—Licensed gambling is again proposed in New Orleans.

—About one couple in sixteen married in Vermont are divorced.

—London boasts that it has 40,000 miles of streets, lanes and alleys.

—It is thought that the Iowa hog crop will exceed that of last year by over 300,000.

—Horses are fast taking the place of oxen, even in the roughest parts of New England.

—Mr. John Boggs is said to own 100,000 acres of land in California and 50,000 in Oregon.

—A single orange tree in the Azores in one year produced 20,000 oranges in a fit state for exportation.

—The negroes in Upson county, Georgia, nominated one and the same man for both the senate and the house.

—The number of Chinamen who arrived at San Francisco in January was only 258 while 882 returned to their native land.

—The California legislature has compelled the street car companies of San Francisco to reduce the fare to 5 cents.

—A woman in Houston, Texas, killed herself by knocking a hole in a window pane and sawing her neck over the ragged glass.

—An ebony coffin lined with white satin, with a lot in Pere la Chaise, was one of the gifts proffered to a popular actress in Paris.

—President Chadbourne, of Williams College, is of the opinion that what the world most needs is a society for the suppression of useless knowledge.

—It is mentioned with some ground for authority in England that Prince Leopold, Queen Victoria's youngest son, is about to enter the Church.

—The gas-works of Portland, Me., are crowded daily with children and babes, taken there to inhale the gas as a remedy for whooping-cough.

—Nathan Wood, of Deep River, Indiana, is the oldest postmaster in the United States, having been appointed over forty years ago by President Jackson.

—A tree-felling machine has been invented in England which, worked by three men will do as much work as twenty-four woodmen felling by the ax.

—A mail-carrier at Springfield, Mo., has been driven hopelessly crazy by some thoughtless "friends," who jestingly charged him with stealing a package of mail matter.

—The grandson of an English Baronet drives a public hack in Buffalo, and can charge as exorbitantly as if the pursuit had been followed by his family for untold generations.

—The city of Montgomery, Ala., pays tramps twenty-five cents a day for working on the streets. The discovery has been made that some who were not tramps are willing to work for the sum.

—Westminster Abbey will early in March be the scene of the marriage of Tennyson's youngest son, Lionel, to Miss Locker, daughter of Frederick Locker, a writer of charming society verse.

—Five hundred and fifty million gallons of petroleum was exported from this country from 1865 to 1871, which brought an average price of t 1 ty-four cents a gallon, amounting to $187,000,000.

—Sixty thousand commercial travelers are employed by the wholesale merchants of the United States, at an average annual expense of $3,000 at least, making the aggregate the enormous sum of $180,000,000.

—The entire mass of tobacco which is annually consumed in smoking, snuffing and in chewing on the earth is 4,000,000,000 pounds—manifestly too high an estimate for from 1,200,000,000, to 1,500,000,000 of inhabitants.

—At Mitchell, Ont., recently, a law-abiding citizen had a young girl arrested and fined for "trespass," the offence consisting in entering his yard to draw a pail of water from his well. The girl's father was lying on his death-bed at the time.

—A curious accident took place at Grand Rapids, Mich., the other day, when John Coleman was instantly killed by the premature explosion of a blast, which blew a piece of stone about as big as a walnut in at his mouth and out through the back of his head.

—There are now carried on the United States army rolls eleven generals and 567 general staff officers, besides 439 cavalry, 284 artillery, and 877 infantry officers. This makes one officer to about four and a half privates. There are reported 301 officers on the retired list.

—It is said that Prince Esterhazy, whose mother, born Lady Sarah Villiers, was the reigning English beauty at the beginning of the reign of Queen Victoria, is now on a visit to England, and about to marry a well-known American heiress, now moving in the intimate circle of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

—A very notable figure at the Burnett-Shoemaker wedding in Baltimore was that of the bride's train-bearer, "Mammy Gracie," an old colored woman, who has cared for the youngsters of three generations in the Shoemaker family. She marched proudly up the aisle with a new bandanna handkerchief of gorgeous colors on her head, and when the party reached the altar, took her stand beside the President of the United States.

—A Washington correspondent of the Syracuse *Journal* thus describes the wives of certain public men: "Mrs. Stanley Matthews, brisk, cheery, elastic, silver-haired; Mrs. Hamlin, forty, with sunny hair, rosy face, and intelligent, fine expression; Mrs. Angus Cameron, tall, airy, sylph-like *spirituelle*, and winning; Mrs. Dorsey, a beautiful and amiable brunette; Mrs. Secretary M'Crary, girlish and *petite*, with a blooming, happy expression; while Mrs. Secretary Sherman is tall, and has a bright, smiling face, a profusion of chestnut hair, and a cordial, practical manner."

Ladies who use cosmetic to beautify the skin should always be very careful to use nothing but the very best preparations. Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" has been in use for over twenty years, during which time it has been used by over a million ladies, and in every instance given entire satisfaction. For beautifying the skin it is far superior to any preparation in the world. Sold at all druggists everywhere.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D. 1821

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SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 2, 1878.

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THANKS to our patrons for their kind and generous support to the "OLD SATURDAY EVENING POST." We will do our best to merit their patronage in the future as in the past.

THE POETRY of the POST, both original and selected, is always of a fine character and by the best writers. Original poetry is one of the great features of this paper, and the special contributors in this line are writers whose poems are widely copied.

THE VALUE OF FICTION has not been over-estimated. There is nothing which can afford such intellectual peace to a soul weary with the actualities of life, as a pure, good and effective work of fiction. The POST endeavors to do all in its power to create a taste among its readers for such literature, and to develop such a taste to a high degree of culture.

CHILDREN'S STORIES are always warmly welcomed, not only by the little folks but by their parents and guardians. The POST has won a wide celebrity by dedicating an excellent department of this kind especially to its young readers, and fine stories by Miss Torrey and other writers of like talent, will continue as heretofore to appear every week in the column headed "For Boys and Girls."

THE EXAMINATIONS Harvard University has established for women, which entitle them to receive a certificate of proficiency in a general course of study, and to pursue more advanced special courses under the direction of the University will be held for this year in the first two weeks of June, in Philadelphia, Cambridge or Boston, New York city and Cincinnati. All information relating to them may be obtained by addressing the Secretary, No. 401 south Eighth street, Philadelphia.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT, Fashion Notes, Queries, and Fireside Chat. It will be noticed that the editor of this department of the POST solicits good recipes and suggestions from all her readers. The Fashion Notes grow in interest, and the Queries and Fireside Chat have become so indispensable to those who crave light upon the subject of household adornment and the fine art of cookery and the thousand and one little details of taste and ornament, that this department has won hosts of eager readers, and the cry is "still they come."

OUR BEST SOCIETY.—This topic which is being so elaborately treated in the Home Culture, is one that will be thoroughly appreciated by all our readers; for it is really a desideratum for all of us to know what constitutes the best society and why distinctions are made. The gifted authoress is treating of the reasons of the law which governs society, and the ignorance of this law, like the ignorance of the civil law, "excuses no one." The disquisition of Mrs. Ward is, therefore, a highly important one, and is so considered by all of our readers.

A LIVE, SPICY AND CHEAP WEEKLY PAPER, which ministers to all tastes and offends none, and which, moreover, furnishes mental aliment to its patrons, which the POST does, is sure to be read and appreciated by them. Our common school education has made us a reading nation, and we naturally desire the best and the wisest of reading. A paper which writes down to its readers, soon loses patronage, for in this country the masses are becoming daily more and more educated and cultivated, and they criticize, with rare clearness, the position which a book, paper, or periodical holds towards its readers.

GOOD LUCK.

It is difficult for a man to know when he is really lucky. "Blessings brighten as they fly," and these birds of passage, when in our midst, are seldom appreciated until they rise to take their departure and show their golden lustre with an air of mockery as they disappear. So many of us have good luck for our daily companion, and yet do not recognize our guest. But we feel sorely his absence—and then, for the first time, become cognizant that for once good luck actually favored us. We cannot all be philosophers and optimists, and it needs all the philosophy we have to convince ourselves that we are lucky, when we know we are not. The hero of Bret Harte's "Dow's Flat" thought himself the wretchedest man alive when his family were dying of thirst and he failed to find water anywhere, but at last his pick struck —not water, but *gold*—solid gold in the lump! Was that luck? It hardly could be called luck at that moment, when water was worth more than all the gold in the earth, but it proved lucky afterwards. So luck really depends upon the right moment, and this celestial visitor of ours is sure to be welcomed if he comes at an opportune time, a friend in need, otherwise he is not recognized.

SANCTUM CHAT.

SPECIMEN samples of women who possess modern ideas are to be found in the following females of our acquaintance: Mrs. Tortoise, who voted on last election day and was carried home late at night slightly dazed, by two female friends, to her indignant husband, who was sitting up for her; and Mrs. Trickle, who followed her husband to the lodge one night, to find out the Masonic secret.

THE rage for *bric-a-brac* has now assumed such a general shape that we cannot anticipate what value any object of glass, china or brass may acquire in the near future, and those uncouth objects of ceramic ware which are now the idols of cultivated society, may be dubbed extraordinary trash by the next generation, and other antique truck come into fashion. This mania for *curios* is only a fashion after all, and is not founded upon any fine art taste or knowledge of the true ideal. In other words, it is a pure affectation and a mockery of what is really artistic.

A MECHANICAL genius has invented a machine for recording sounds. That is, for reproducing actual speech. We do not allude to the telephone. This sound recorder is a newer idea. It will dispense with the labor of transcribing, etc. It writes down what it hears. It is a mechanical amanuensis. Place it in a parlor and it registers faithfully all the gossip which takes place there. This is an actual rendition of the proverb "Walls have ears," and more than that, for what takes places in the rooms is literally crystallized upon paper! An unpleasant and unprofitable affair to have about many residences; although a great thing for purposes of evidence, yet a piece of mechanism which, if brought into general use, will prove a great source of trouble in many families.

THIS world of ours has been so thoroughly explored in every conceivable direction by expeditions of all kinds, that we may well imagine that no spot exists which has not been penetrated by eager adventurers and enterprising explorers, whether for scientific or political purposes. There is, however, one region of our globe which man has not succeeded as yet in calling his own, and that is the ice-bound circle of the pole. Yet that dread territory attracts with a terrible magnetic power, as the North attracts the needle and as the tides are swayed by the moon, and hence all zealous voyagers are allured by the frigid solemnity, the awful darkness, the utter lifelessness of this realm of the coldness of death. They are allured, and not daunted, by such terrors, and we hear now of a new expedition about to set out to master the profound secret of that grim *Ultima Thule.*

THE terrible famine in China, by which over seventy thousand people perished, leads us to think what would be the result if the Mongolian races were to overrun America and Europe in search of bread. China contains over three hundred and fifty millions of people, and our civilized and Christian Caucasian race might be in danger of utter annihilation if such a swarm swept eastward. But we must remember that the Chinaman carries with him the seeds of his own destruction. He is unprogressive, stupid, content with small gains, and looks upon death with a calm apathy. Such a people coming here in our midst only in small numbers, are either destroyed by the wide awake and stirring influences around them, an atmosphere which destroys and paralyzes torpid natures, or else they are absorbed in the American life and become American in thought and action, if that is possible. Civilization must either vivify or destroy them utterly.

AN amateur performance of that lachrymose play "The Stranger" took place once upon a time, and it was our pleasure to witness it. It ought to have been a very mournful performance, but thanks to the "Stranger" himself, who was deficient in his lines, and, thanks to the low comedian, it was to us as good as a farce. How the audience enjoyed the meeting of the Stranger and his wife—after years of absence, united again, she engaged in surveying her new light-green silk dress, and he occupied in looking anxiously towards the prompter for words of comfort. Then again, the funny man was so very humorous and persisted so much in forcing his "gags" on his audience, that the heavy man, after sundry hints and menaces, was compelled to administer a kick to remove him. This made the audience wild with laughter, and then in the midst of a scene which ought to have been peculiarly solemn, a large dog came up the aisle and sat down and looked at the play, but an instant afterwards rose, gave a growl, and disappeared. This canine criticism was too much for players and audience—both joined in a universal uproar.

IT is a well known fact that some of the Eastern heathen, who make of religion as mechanical a performance as possible, have invented a peculiar labor and time saving machine by which they perform all their intricate praying. Indeed, an able-bodied devotee may by means of this affair readily grind orisons and coffee at the same time, and smoke a dozen pipes while his devotions are operating. Now, whereas much of our civilized wishing is oftentimes very little worthier than heathen praying, why might it not be feasible to construct a wishing machine—an arrangement fabricated to save useful breath and valuable moments of time spent in useless wishing? Wherefore, instead of uttering wishes, give the machine a turn and go about some more momentous labor. It might be made on the plan of the wind-mill, or to suit either a barrel organ or a washing machine, or adapted to a rocking chair, for the convenience of those idle mortals whose only occupation is the wishing of many things.

SOMEBODY is about to start the idea of a club for married folks. Such an idea will be a most excellent one, if carried into practical effect. The notion is this: To have one large club-house, but separate club-rooms for the husbands and wives respectively. The ladies congregate to talk, chatter, gossip, eat, sip sherbet, (smoke, perhaps), play whist, dominoes, drum the piano, sing, ply the billiard cue, or darn stockings; while their lords up stairs talk philosophy and politics, drink water and grow noisy toward dawn. But there is to be no dancing, because that 'wildering art tramples upon the freedom of either sex, and the gentlemen up stairs do not care to leave their pipes and cigars and don dress coats to walk through a quadrille, and the ladies down stairs have science, music and general æsthetics to think about, and they have no time to waste on cotillions. So after the children are in bed, master and madame walk arm in arm to the club, and then separate and enjoy a festive divorce for the nonce; and when they are ready to go home there is always some bachelor friend who is not only willing but anxious to show them the way to their joint abode. Thus the husband avoids lamp posts and the wife makes merry instead of sitting up alone watching for "papa;" and both parties are contented.

A SPECIES of "travel around the world" in considerably less than "eighty days" can now be accomplished by means of the ever-pleasing stereoscope. The views of foreign places are now so perfectly reproduced by the camera that it is almost as good to take a peep through the stereoscopic glasses and behold Europe, Asia and Africa, as it is to visit these places. Nay, it is even better than traveling in one sense, for there are no hotel bills or waiters' and hackmen's fees to pay. One looks at the instantaneous photographs of Paris streets alive with carriages and pedestrians, and beautiful with fine buildings and churches, and one is compelled to say with Cowper:

> "'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
> To peep at such a world; *to see the stir*
> *Of the great Babel and not feel the crowd.*"

But now-a-days they are presenting us such wonderful views of far-away places, that the romance of the scene disappears, and we gaze upon the Sphynx, the eternal Pyramids, Luxor, Delhi, the Chinese Wall, Stonehenge, or Popocatapetl's snow peak, with all the quizzical-critical scrutiny which is thoroughly of the century, and not as we dreamed of these distant places or saw them pictured in less prosaic forms, with the thrill of reverential awe. Yet the modern spirit of contemplation is the better one.

A FAMILY NAMED HENRY.

The first impression of an ordinary person who reads that Prince Henry LXIX. of Schleiz-Loestritz has been succeeded by Prince Henry IV. will probably be that there is a mistake somewhere and probably a misprint. The painful student of German history knows better, or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that he knows worse. The Princes of Reuss have a little family peculiarity which Mr. Carlyle has somewhere bewailed. There are actually four different lines of them besides a fifth, to which the death now chronicled has put an end, and a sixth, which, though extinct as to male issue, still exists in the person of a princess. Of all these lines and of all other previously extinguished subdivisions, every Prince is baptised Henry, and hence the imbroglio. But there is more than this. When Amurath succeeds Amurath, or Harry Harry, in an ordinary way, the title-number of the successor is greater than that of the Prince succeeded. But here we have a "fourth" succeeding a "sixty-ninth." The explanation is as follows: Half a dozen families, all christened Henry during half a dozen centuries, naturally produce a portentious number of Henrys, and yet the distinguishing numeral is clearly necessary. The plan adopted is to number each Henry in order of his birth up to 100 and then to begin fresh. Hence, as in this case, a Henry far on in one century may easily outlive all those who follow him up to the hundred, and be succeeded by one of the next. In other words, the Henry IV. who succeeds Henry LXIX. really stands to him in the relation of Henry CIV. It may be a slight comfort to genealogists to reflect that one at least of the founts of Henrys is stopped, and all they have to do now—a light and facile task—is to avoid confusing the main line of Reuss-Schleiz-Koestritz with the reigning line of Reuss-Schleiz, the reigning line of Reuss-Greiz, and a younger branch of itself.

CHINESE PHOTOGRAPHS.—High-toned artists nowadays won't take a subject's "full face," for the reason that a full front picture looks awkward, strained and countryfied. The full front style of posing a subject is called "Chinese fashion," because for petty offences in China the right or left ear is cut off, and the Chinese are always particular to have both ears well displayed in their photographs, in order that their friends may see that they have not suffered the penalty of crime.

HOME CULTURE.

XXXV.

SELF-TRAINING;

A COMPANION TO THE

"YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND,"

Compiled to Suit Life in America,

BY

MRS. H. O. WARD.

CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED.)

It is well that we have not many such representatives of American women, or we should soon find authors using more caustic pens than does M. Hubner, in discussing our fondness for titles. A writer in the *Spectator* states that the vitality of titles depends upon a half-unconscious sense that they add to instead of diminishing the pleasure of social intercourse, that they define in a second what else would require a troublesome definition. This statement is best illustrated by some Mrs. Leadgilt's course when asked if she will be introduced to Lady Fitzphool. Her answer is a prompt "certainly," without any questions as to her ladyship's paternity, or as to whether she is connected with the Fitzclarences, or as to who she was, before she came into the great Fitzphool family. But let plain Mr. Fitzwater ask for an introduction to Mrs. Leadgilt, and before she gives her consent she inquires "what family of Fitzwaters does he belong to? Really, I know so many people that I do not want to know any more."

But, fortunately for our best society, it is not all made up of the family Leadgilt and their relations. There are many ladies belonging to our oldest aristocracy—*i. e.*, the descendants of cultured ancestors—who would content themselves with inquiring whether Mr. Fitzwater was an agreeable, well-bred man; and some there are among these many, who, if he were a boor, would not receive him into their houses, even though he were a nephew of the Duke of Sherrysea. So that the vitality and importance of titles, even here in a republic, only becomes extinct in men who, holding them, do not possess the culture and good-breeding that they are supposed to represent.

The ideas sometimes held in America as to what the validity of a title depends on are well-illustrated by the following fact, which actually occurred at Newport:

A young, handsome Portuguese, styling himself Count M——, appeared at this watering-place one summer. The Portuguese Minister declared that he was no Count, and there was a great commotion for a time between the attacking and the defending parties. In the end it was proved that his father had been made a Count for his lifetime only, and that the title did not descend to his son. However, the defenders maintained that he held the right to the title, which was as absurd as if the son of some one of our army generals should maintain that he inherited the title by his father's death. The lady who had introduced the self-styled Count asked an editor to set the young Portuguese right before the public, which was done in the following racy and original manner—an article appearing which stated that "it was entirely immaterial whether the Portuguese was recognized as a count by the kings and queens of Europe as long as the queens of American society had conferred the title, because they found him to possess all the qualities required in a count."

For consistency's sake, the queens and princesses of our republican realms should not hereafter recognize counts as counts, nor dukes as dukes, unless they sustain the dignity of their titles by civil manners and courteous behavior—for this it is, with cultured minds, that gives dignity and worth to titles. Without such accessories, titles are a disgrace instead of an honor, inasmuch as they bear testimony to wasted opportunities, or to qualities of mind and nature which boors and some animals share in common, to such an extent as to support the African tradition as to the descent of human beings from ancestral apes.

The English ridicule what they are pleased to call our overweening fondness for the titles of general, colonel, major and captain, and say that we frequently bestow them on the slightest provocation. Gurowski tells us this fondness is an inherited tendency, and indeed, one cannot but be struck with the truth of the statement when one meets either here or in England with men not possessing titles, but members of noble families, who, like the Americans of *la naive fierte*, of whom Hubner speaks, lose no time in informing you of their descent, or recounting the titles of their relatives until it would seem that there are no longer any gentlemen in England who have no titled connections. It is either Tom Bethigh, nephew of the Duke of Spendall, or Jack Creepup, related to Lord Level, or Mordaunt Vane, descended from the first earl of Vanity.

Ridicule will never crush out the fondness for titles that is found in every land, as long as a title is supposed to represent a superior position, or superior advantages, or superiority of one kind or another.

Continental Europeans belonging to old families are not so given to parading the fact. They look upon the English as being a new people, just as the English in turn look down upon us. The fact that it is so, often causes an Englishman to sneer at Continental titles. Even Thackeray gave his little thrust when he wrote: "Titles not costing much in the Roman territory, he had the clerk of his banking-house made a marquis; and his lordship will screw *bajocco* out of you in exchange as dexterously as a commoner would do. It is a comfort to be able to gratify such grandees with a farthing or two—it makes the poorest man feel that he can do good." All those who have been in patrician society in Italy know that it is not a society to sneer at. In "The Boudoir Cabal," Prince Casino, wooing Grace Marvel, says, while smarting under some slight he has received at the hands of Lord Hornette: "I will get some diplomatic post which will make me more than the equal here of these English lords, and then you will come to my own country where people will adore you, and they will say that never was a princess of our race so fair, though we are a long line, *carina*. My ancestor got his title six centuries since from Charles of Anjou, while the ancestors of your puddle-blooded commercial peers begged for pence in the highways." Others there are, among the forty oldest families in Europe, who hold their lineage, step by step, down the blood-stained fields of the past nearly four centuries further back, and whose aversion for the English, as well as the American race, is based upon their belief that gold is the god that both nations worship.

Certainly were it so, we would merit the contempt that is often expressed abroad for Americans and American society, by those who, never having been out of their own land, form ideas of our society from such plays as "Uncle Sam." Baser than the love of distinction is the love of gold, and that man who has no other claim to consideration than his money-bags, is looked upon as a poor specimen of humanity in every land.

Experience shows us that the desire for other distinctions than money is as strong in republics as it is in kingdoms, and the usurpation of them is even more common. Since the last revolution in France, men have appropriated the title of count, with only the faintest of reference to questions of estate and pedigree. The son of a Red Republican "citizen," who marries a countess, follows the example of the Portuguese and adopts the title of M. le Comte. Not long ago an attempt was made by President MacMahon to suppress this practice of appropriating titular dignities, but it appears to have been as unsuccessful as unpopular measures usually are. Statesmen and notabilities who do not possess them frequently betray their desire to have them, as well as their jealousy of those whose privileges, because of their titles, exceed their own. Count Bismarck accepted the most meaningless of all titles—that of Prince, without principalities—as his reward for his priceless services for Germany. M. Thiers advocated, at his dinner-table one day, the bestowal of titles and decorations, saying: "If you had been in power you would understand how happy one is to be able to reward men for their services otherwise than with money." The social value of the *de* is enormous in Europe.

In Germany and in Italy one meets with fewer spurious titles. The story of the miller who bought Brandenburg is always fresh in Hans' mind as an evidence that class distinctions are not necessarily permanent ones, and, as a journalist writes, where one can buy pedigrees with a little ready money, where titles are commodities quoted at par or premium, according to the demand, and where every brigand and bravo claims ducal ancestry, and is particularly jealous of the family honor, there is really no occasion to appropriate them by fraud or force. The knowledge of these spurious claims caused our forefathers to look with suspicion on all titled foreigners, and to class them with tramps and adventurers and vagabonds. The title of count is frequently given jocularly to some of the idle swells in our cities, and not unfrequently abroad, for where ever, as in France previous to the tempest of 1789, oppression has reigned triumphant, and the masses have been long ground under the heel of iron class distinctions, titular dignities have in the popular dialect come to represent boundless, inflated, and unreal pretentions. Hence this application to adventurers.

Men of humble origin who have that grudge against the well-born, which all of them are said to possess, so invariably decry all social claims having any foundation in good birth, that a due value of its advantages has come to be a test of the standing of a man's forefathers with many. Those who have all the money that they want are not generally the ones who envy others the possession of it. Those who come from "good stock" can bear to hear other "good stock" spoken of without berating all "good stock."

Pride of birth, however objectionable in the eyes of many, confers at least one advantage on its possessor. Those who are reared in it from their cradle, according to Bulwer, acquire so unconsciously an air of dignity or distinction, that it seems hereditary and inborn. Lord Nelson said: "It is better to be envied than pitied," and of all envy that is said to be the most rankling which a low-born man feels towards the well-born.

In the year 1873, a Philadelphian, who had the reputation of being a man of culture, if not good-breeding, walked into the sitting-room of a New England lady in New York, and found her busy over piles of books and family papers, time-stained and dropping to pieces, making out the necessary statistics for the class history of her son, under one of the requirements in the circular yearly sent to the students at Harvard College, which requirement reads as follows: "II. Pedigree on father's side, tracing back the origin of your family as far as possible, mentioning ancestors in any way distinguished, —for example, if engaged in the Revolution—and particularly the history of those who first came to this country. * * * Ancestral line of mother's family in briefer form. What ancestors or relatives have received a liberal education? When? Where?"

The Philadelphian, drawing a chair near the table, picked up an old copy of armorial bearings with casque and mantling, such as are often seen among descendants of our *earliest* settlers, with black, worm-eaten frames. "Where did you pick up this lot of trash?" he asked. "That special item of this 'lot of trash' came from the garret of my great-great-uncle on my mother's side, who was a member of the body which framed the Constitution of Massachusetts in 1780," was the answer. "Some travelling tinker or pedlar's descendant then," was the impertinent reply, "as all New England families are descended from one or the other."

The lady felt the porcupine quills of inherited proclivities bristling aggressively, but restraining herself, replied: "Not all New England families, Mr. Sonjohn," and picking up a page of the material she was preparing, she added: "History gives quite another account of my first paternal ancestor in America. Howell, writing of him and his twenty-nine contemporaneous settlers, says: 'They were men of means and stirling worth. They were the Puritans of England. They were more than mere colonists—they were the exponents of a new civilization founded on the idea that under God men could govern themselves. Their flight from England and self-exile on these shores was the strongest protest they could give against the divine right of kings in civil and religious government.' Which is in error, Mr. Sonjohn, you or history?"

The Philadelphian evaded a direct answer, but grumbled out something about taking no interest in family histories, which want of interest is shared by most men (in the plural.) The author of "Guy Livingstone" says: "I can conceive of no curiosity more legitimate than that concerning a family house or family annals;" but, as a rule, the curiosity does not extend beyond one's own house and one's own annals.

M. Hubner, while asserting that in the United States one meets more frequently with pretentious and vulgar people than with "*des gens comme il faut*," admits that our Eastern cities have a society "*plus exclusive que ne le sont les coteries les plus inaccessibles des cours et des capitales d'Europe.*"

But it is only within the last few years that Europeans have been willing to admit there are any American families whose claims for exclusiveness are well substantiated. They have regarded all classes as in the same category—all "born free, and equal." The mistake made by them had its foundation in our Declaration of Independence, the utterance of the wisest statesman of that time which tried men's souls, but Science has made the seeming wisdom of one hundred years ago foolishness in more than one dogmatically given opinion, and we are now willing to acknowledge not only the superiority of blooded animals on the race-course, but the advantages which the human being derives from transmitted qualities of the mind and heart. Had the framers of our Declaration of Independence taken into consideration, as they ought to have done, this truth, and with it another, viz.: that even were all men born free and equal, so long as there are differing temperaments and capacities so long will one man outstrip another in the race of life, they might have built our republic on a more solid basis than the one they have reared for it. Men are not all born equal, and if they were they would not remain so.

That exclusiveness which grows out of varying degrees of culture, and of varying grades of society marked by different customs and habits, by observance or non-observance of certain forms, has existed and must exist in all civilized lands and with as much force in a republic as in a kingdom. Our nobility then, is an order which takes precedence over all other orders of nobility. It is the nobility of culture, and it possesses this advantage that every aspirant for a place in its ranks may secure his position there, if he fits himself to hold it.

Wherever that true culture exists which lies not merely in the enlightenment of the intellect but equally as much in the moral strength and in their united outward manifestation of manners, there will be found our best society. Self-control and unselfishness are indispensable qualities for this society. The uncultured man gives free course to his joy and his sorrow, his good-will and his anger; the cultivated makes it an honor to be able to govern these outbursts of feelings, to bear trial with submission, and to show moral courage when requisite. In no place is there so wide a field for the exercise of this quality as in society. "It is the glory of a man to pass by a transgression," says Scripture, yet how often is moral courage needed to put but this one injunction into practice. It is so easy to resent, it is so hard to forgive. "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," says our Saviour. "Do unto others as others do unto you," says the uncultivated instincts of the human heart, and so, in a society where the uncultivated predominate, fancied rudenesses are resented, civilities misunderstood, while the seething fire of vindictive passions, little by little, burns out all that is kindly in sentiment or noble in nature. Here is another incentive to induce the young to make themselves worthy of the best society, for the finer the culture, the higher the development, the less we find of that rudeness and vulgarity which characterizes beings only half-developed from the gorilla stage of existence up to the perfect man, and who keep the society they have access to in a ferment.

The school of home is the best school that life affords for conquering self. By performing in the domestic circle all the courtesies of life as faithfully as beyond it; by the exercise of that charity that thinketh no evil; by the practice of that forgiveness which all human beings will stand in need of, when the scenes of life close round them, it will become easy and natural to be courteous, charitable and forgiving in all the relations of life. Rest assured, that man or woman, that boy or girl, who is rude and ill-mannered, outside of the domestic circle, is still worse when within it. Those who are thoughtful to please, anxious to avoid what annoys and perplexes, or is wounding, at home, will be equally considerate abroad. If any one's true character is to be ascertained, study him at home. If he stands that test, be sure that he will never betray any confidence reposed in him.

Nature has not gifted us all with great talents, nor placed us all in the best society. Desirable as it may seem to be so placed, there are many of us who would not feel at home, were we there. But though we may not all be learned, or witty, or accomplished, or move in fashionable circles, there is still one gift that every one may possess, which pleases more than all else combined, without which, indeed, all else is valueless—kindness of heart. There is a charm in that, which never fails to please. From it is born that consideration for the feelings of others, which, with culture, makes the true nobleman, the true noblewoman. Kind hearts are more than coronets, the world over, and so we come back again to our nobility, the nobility of cultivated minds and hearts.

There is no better society in Europe than can be found in cultured circles in the United States. Here, as everywhere in the best society, those members who are not naturally kindhearted must assume the appearance of so being, because cultivated society demands the appearance where the reality does not exist, and does not enrol among its permanent members those who fail in this, its first requisite. Foreigners who find themselves in circles characterized by bad manners and bad morals, often say that we have no good society; but when they are introduced into circles of more refinement, they are quick to acknowledge that there are no women superior to our own—none who are better educated, more charming, or more virtuous than are our best women. This is proved by the constantly-increasing number of love-matches between foreigners of distinction and our countrywomen. There is not a titled nobleman of good character who could not marry a woman in his own land that would bring him a larger dowry if he would take a wife out of the *bourgeoisie*; than most American wives would bring him, but such a companion for life might not be able to meet his requirements, while in the best American society he meets women who are the equals of his own class in breeding, cultivation and manners.

Some Americans have a way of sneering at "penniless dukes and popinjay marquises who marry American girls." If they were asked why it is that so few of the American girls who remain abroad year after year, until they are known in foreign circles as being "a drug in the marriage market," are provided for (if titles are as thick as blackberries in August, as they assert), they would probably be at loss to explain the reason satisfactorily. The truth is, men of cultivation, and fine feelings, and good manners, with titles, bear about the same relation to society in Europe, as to number, that thoroughbred gentlemen here bear in mixed society to persons wanting in breeding and culture. We hear occasionally of an American girl making a miserably unhappy match abroad—wooed and won by some worthless nobleman, who could not persuade any woman in his own circle to marry him. Such marriages should serve as warnings to our women that foreigners with no character, although they be of noble birth, are no more to be trusted than are American men of no character.

The son of the so-called aristocrat of to-day in America, and the son of one of the oldest of European noblemen in Europe, may by some turn of the wheel of fortune be found working for their daily bread before the years of middle age have been reached. Is the American any less a gentleman, the man of title any less a nobleman, because, instead of shamefully throwing himself upon the charity of his relatives, he has preferred independence with honor?

Honor and shame, says the poet, in no condition lie; act well thy part; therein the honor lies.

Work elevates, idleness degrades. Calvert tells us that idleness lies at the root of most of the evils that mankind suffer from, and that the minds that are busy to keep other minds idle are doing the basest work that a man can do. The idle are blind to their own worthlessness, but no others are blind to it.

They who study peculiarities of life in different sections of our republic are invariably struck with the superiority of that society in which the majority maintain right views with regard to the education and development of their children, in reference to instilling correct views as to "the dignity of labor." Men and women who look upon the idle man of to-day as the representative gentleman of his time, and who for this reason bring up their sons in idleness, fit them to be just what Chancellor Kent says they are, namely: nuisances in society. The New England idea is the same as that of the great English barrister, and indeed the cultivated New England man is more like, and looks more like, the cultivated Englishman, than like the gentleman of any other section of his own land. A writer in "The Galaxy" attributes this resemblance between the inhabitants of New England and old England to the fact that a race of men cannot materially change its physical traits in the course of two centuries, to whatever conditions of climate or other external influences it may have been subjected. Up to thirty years ago, he says, there was not in England itself a more purely English people than that of New England.

Bagehot, in his work, "The English Constitution," says: "No one can doubt that the New England States, if they were a separate community, would have an education, a political capacity and an intelligence such as the numerical majority of no people, equally numerous, has ever possessed."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FORSAKEN.

It hath been said, for all who die
There is a tear;
Some pining, bleeding heart to sigh
O'er every bier;
But in that hour of pain and dread,
Who will draw near
Around my humble couch, and shed
One farewell tear?

Who'll watch life's fast departing ray
In deep despair,
And soothe my spirit on its way
With holy prayer?
What mourner round my bier will come
In weeds of woe
And follow me to my long home—
Solemn and slow?

When lying on my clayey bed
In icy sleep,
Who there by pure affection led,
Will come and weep,
By the pale moon implant the rose
Upon my breast,
And bid it cheer my dark repose—
My lowly rest?

Could I but know when I am sleeping
Low in the ground,
One faithful heart would there be keeping
Watch all around,
As if some gem lay shrined beneath
That cold sod's gloom,
'Twould mitigate the pangs of death
And light the tomb.

Yes, in that hour if I could feel;
From halls of glee
And beauty's presence one would steal
In secrecy,
And come and sit and weep by me,
In night's deep noon,
Oh! I would ask of memory
No other boon.

Btu, ah, a darker fate is mine,
A deeper woe;
From all I love in youth's sweet time
I soon must go,
Draw around me my pale robes of white,
In a dark spot,
To sleep through death's long dreamless night,
Lone and forgot.

THE RIVEN CLOUD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MYDDELTON'S MONEY," "NORA'S LOVE-TEST," "REAPING THE WHIRLWIND," ETC.

CHAPTER V.—[CONTINUED.]

A strange slow shadow falls over the old gentleman's face as he says this, and Philip sees it, as well as I. So he speaks again quite cordially, pressing my hand within his arm, as a sort of unspoken apology to me. "I suppose you prefer staying here. I'm afraid you enjoy silence and solitude best."

"Why should you be afraid?" the stranger inquires sharply. "Are we all expected to laugh like yourself? A sensible man don't laugh if he hears no wit. Good day to you."

His nod of dismissal relieves me greatly, because now we can go without seeming unkind; but once, when I look across the gallery, I find this strange old gentleman watching us intently—watching only us in all the crowd. About an hour afterwards, as Philip and I are standing before a little Kentish landscape, talking of it, and fancying such a spot close to our future home, where we may walk on summer evenings, after our day's work is done, I am surprised to find that the old man has come sauntering up to us.

"That," he says, joining us quite coolly, and pointing to the little painting, "looks a like a sleepy spot, doesn't it?"

"I went down to that Kentish valley lately," Philip says, "to study the wild-flowers. It is not more than twenty miles from London, though there is no railway to it. No one ever dies there, or, I should think, ever lies awake. The people all have breakfast by six; dined by eleven; drunk tea by three; supped by six, and are expected to be fast asleep by eight. They all work out of doors, and the only one thing they are quite sure of, with regard to London, is that no one ever does anything here. 'Who can work indoors?' they say."

My laugh dies in a moment when the old gentleman questions Philip so harshly.

"And aren't they right? Look at the holidays you are taking—now in the prime of your life. I am an old man," he goes on, with a change of tone, "you must excuse me, for I would give the world for some of my days—my working days—back."

"We have nothing to excuse," Philip answers gently, as he looks down upon the bowed, bent head. "I suppose age gives all of us 'a keener sense of what should be: a greater pain to see what is.'"

"Don't I remind you," the old man asks, with a grim little smile, "of the alderman who entreated the beggar to go away from him, she distressed him so much, because he hadn't her appetite? Now will you have a cup of tea with me? Your little—friend there," he adds, with a smile to Philip, "looks tired. Bless me, you needn't look at her in alarm! A cup of tea will refresh her. Sight-seeing is wearisome work for her, though I dare say, even at home, she doesn't lie in an easy chair all day. Eh? Come," he goes on, as Philip laughs at the thought of my days spent in an easy-chair, "I'm as fond of tea as Hazlitt was—as poor Poe was of wine, or Coleridge of opium. There's no harm in it. It will do good to—to you both."

Very politely, even gracefully, Philip thanks him and refuses, and I am very glad, yet—though I'm sure I don't know why—I can't help offering the old man my hand again before we go.

"We have promised to be at home to tea," I say.

"And do you pretend you would not disappoint them at home?"

"No, I would not indeed."

"Then you are a sillier girl even than I thought you."

"Is that possible?" I ask, laughing, laying my other hand on Philip's arm, because I see an angry light in his eyes, and this stranger is so unhappy in his nature, and so old. "Philip," I whisper, as we pass on, "he only speaks without thinking."

"That is no real excuse for a man who is capable of thinking," Philip answers angrily, but presently regains his own natural mood, and speaks compassionate words of the solitary old man, who seems to have no one to make the world joyful for him, and no power to make it so for himself.

Philip isn't very willing to let me walk back to the Kingsland Road, but I persuade him at last, and we go merrily along the busy streets. What a scene it is! In the mingled noise of wheels and voices we can scarcely hear each other, and now and then we see a man grinding an organ, while never a note is heard. The lights flare from the open stalls, and it is even a pleasure to see how really picturesque some of them are arranged. The tiny white plates of whelks upon the fish-stalls lie in the most tempting way on a soft green bed of parsley, and the glaring lights upon another stall bring brilliant flashes from the penny brooches below. One old man talks uninterruptedly and cheerfully to promiscuous passers-by, without even looking up, as he peels the great onions, which are his special merchandise, and, next to his, a stall of drooping asters try to look bravely up in the artificial light. A group of women gossip earnestly together over the relative merits of two rose-laden caps. The girl who has her barrow filled with watercresses lets possible customers pass her by unnoticed, while she pores over a stray sheet of some torn periodical. Children who surely ought to be in bed stand open-mouthed and open-eyed before a gorgeous display of toys, to which the restless blazing light must lend for them a strange enchantment. Behind a dangerous pile of florid cups and saucers a boy sits fast asleep, while his little sister, very wide awake, firmly and patiently refuses to be cajoled by a garrulous old woman into lowering the price of an earthenware tea-pot. All are busy. There seem to be customers for everything—coal-scuttles and cutlery, books and songs, bags and buttons. But there is most to do of all among the fish and vegetables, and most silence among the books. Philip shows me one place where a man can have his dinner for a penny, and then shows me the inn where an old sailor once told him that they brewed their own Bass. What a little makes us laugh to-day, and how independent we are in these crowded streets! Can any one ever feel quite as solitary in a country lane as he can in a London street? "It's always the same," Philip says. "It is always 'the long procession still passing to and fro—the young heart bold and restless, and the old subdued and slow.' Now I must call for my bag, Jeanie, and we will catch the train."

There are two or three people waiting for the tram-car, and I see in a minute that one of them is our new lodger. He looks eagerly along the road as he stands there and so does not see us, but the moment Philip recognizes him he goes over to him in his friendly, sociable way. Mr. Carden starts a little to see us, and lisps more than ever as he shyly asks us if we are going home now, and then seems to have nothing more to say; but I think that perhaps his silence strikes me the more from its contrast to the uninterrupted arguing of that old gentleman in the museum. Mr. Carden sits very quietly in a corner of the vehicle when we take our seats, his rather thin grey overcoat buttoned up to the neck, and a great red comforter tied over it. He never speaks at all, though Philip sits next him and I opposite. The young mother who sits nearest Philip on the other side looks so weak and tired that I bend over and beg to take her baby for a little time. She looks a little astonished, but gives it to me, and, while it falls to sleep in my arms, Philip chats, in his pleasant, gentle way, with the mother, and by the time we stop, and I give back her baby, he has brought quite a bright and almost untired look into her face. Mr. Carden follows us out, and we all go home together; but father tries in vain to persuade our new lodger to have tea with us.

"We are all together, and hungry and cheerful," father says, listening wistfully to the young man's quiet receding footsteps. "It seems so cheerless for him to go up there alone. I hope I asked him cordially."

"No one could have done it more cordially," Philip says. And we all know that is true.

We are very hungry, Philip and I, yet we have scarcely time to eat, we have so much to hear and to tell. Somehow we always have—all of us—when we have been apart. And then this is such an unusually happy day. "A day for me always to look back upon," I say to Philip, when he tells me how he has enjoyed it. "And to-morrow will be Sunday. Oh, what happy days I shall have to remember!"

CHAPTER VI.

On the following Monday afternoon Lottie goes to school, and I think never but once in my life have I felt prouder than when I see her start off.

"Aunt Charlotte," I say, as I sit near her sewing and minding the shop, "let us fancy all afternoon that Lottie has gone away for good; then won't her coming home to tea seem splendid? How empty the house feels without her!"

But aunt Charlotte has fallen asleep, so I sew away in silence. Presently, through the two open doors, I hear upon the pavement a step which in the first moment makes my heart beat as if I knew it, but which in the next sounds strange to me. Yet it pauses at our door, and then, in the early dusk of the foggy winter afternoon, I see Philip's tall form enter the shop.

With my finger on my lips, to prevent his waking aunt Charlotte, I step softly out of the parlor and join him; but he does not come to meet me—he only stands leaning against the counter, with his arms folded, and a strange hard expression on his face as he looks at me.

"What is it? What do you want me to tell you?" he asks, in a stern broken way, while I stand before him without questioning. "I have failed of course. Did you really think that I should succeed—I? If you did, you are—a silly—child."

"Then, Philip," I say, as steadily as I can, while I strive after this steadiness so hard that the pressure of my fingers into my palms is real agony, "you will go to America and—get—rich—there."

"Oh, my darling," Philip cries, and all the cruel hardness melts from his eyes, as he draws me close within his arm, "I have felt like a brute all day, hardened by this new disappointment! I have walked quite twenty miles since the decision was told me this morning, trying to think patiently of it before I saw you. But it got worse and worse, and—knowing it could not be harder even when you knew—I came to tell you. My love, your bravery makes me almost brave, and—less unjust."

"I suppose, Philip," I say, keeping back my tears by a great obstinacy, as he calls himself unjust, "that some one else had the post promised him before you saw your old master?"

"No, dear; the post has been given to no one yet. It is only so utterly out of my power, I find. Yet it would be such an opening for me, Jeanie!"

"And why is it so utterly out of your power, Philip, yet not filled by any one else?"

"Because the man who is chosen must—must pay the man who chooses him. Do you understand? He taught me once, he thinks well of my work, and would send me to Worcester with confidence, but only if—if I would pay him what he calls 'a trifle,' as a guarantee of my desire both to obtain and keep the appointment."

"But perhaps if you told him," I begin.

"My darling, I told him a hundred things which an hour before I should have fancied myself too proud to mention even to you, and I pleaded as I never pleaded to a man before in all my life. But of what use was it all?" Philip adds, with a weary kind of bitterness. "What was the man's pity worth to me, and what did my want and anxiety matter to him, while I had not the thirty pounds he required? No; it is all over, Jeanie. Thirty pounds is as utterly beyond my power to give as thirty thousand. And—and so it is all over."

It is all over.

Philip had been with me nearly an hour, and had told me of his plans; and—I think I had talked almost cheerily to him—yet this is all I remember when he leaves me at last, promising to come in and see father as soon as ever he feels able steadily and fairly to discuss his own plans and our separation.

It is all over!—this hope that he need not leave me for so long; this hope that at last he—so clever at his work, so fond of work, so steady and untiring at it when it is in his power—should begin life in earnest—all over!

CHAPTER VII.

For the next few weeks, through everything I do or say, or hear, this is my chief consciousness—Philip is preparing to leave me, perhaps for long, long years (though we never allow to each other that we think it may be so). And each time I see him now there has deepened on his face the shadow of that coming day.

These are rather sad and heavy weeks for all of us—or rather they would be, but for Lottie's free and real enjoyment, and zest in her new duties. Father meets with no employment, and each day the search for it tells more upon him. If he would but rest himself, and let me do more. I have a copying order on hand now, though, which will bring me something, and to-day I am illuminating a text for an old lady who would not buy the only one we had in stock, because it was not "done by hand." I hope to finish it to-night, but of course I have more to do in the house now, having the rooms upstairs occupied, and Lottie being away and studying so much. I like the work though. How can women live who have nothing to do but think? Aunt Charlotte grows more hard and querulous every day, and she is never tired of reminding us of the profitable lodger we refused, and the unprofitable one we took—for Mr. Carden has paid us nothing yet.

On the first Saturday night he asked me whether I would oblige him by allowing him to postpone his payment for another week, and, of course, I willingly did, especially as I thought how very nice and large the double sum would look when I gave it to father. On the second Saturday, when he asked me the same question, I am sure my great disappointment was written plainly on my face.

"I am very sorry to ask you this," he said, with his awkward lisp. "I would not if it were possible to avoid it."

In a moment I was sorry for that unkind hesitation of mine, and I think he read that too.

"The fact is," he said, speaking quite humbly and anxiously in his rapid way, "I am—at present out of employment."

I thought of father, and the tears came slowly into my eyes. How should I like others to behave to father if he were now in lodgings alone?

"I ought to leave these rooms, I know," Mr. Carden went on, fidgeting with a few papers that lay on his table, "that you might let them more advantageously, but still I think, if you will trust me for a time, I shall eventually be enabled to pay you."

He only thought he should be able to pay, and "eventually." Still he had no other home, and no more power to make people give him employment than father had, or than I have to make customers come into the shop. So there were actually tears in my throat which prevented my answering him.

"You want to turn me adrift," he said, as sharply as his lisp would let him, while he stared in my face, "and you are rich enough. Speak to your father about it, and let me know to-morrow what he says." Then he turned abruptly from me, and I was glad to go away.

That night, after I had helped aunt Charlotte into bed, I went down and told father of Mr. Carden's request, and asked him what I was to say, not letting him see a sign of my own hesitation, only leaving it entirely to him!

"My dear," he said, in his quiet way, "'inasmuch as ye have done it'—you remember?"

So next day I told Mr. Carden that father said he was willing to wait, and he thanked me, quite gratefully, I dare say, though just in his usual stiff and ceremonious way.

And even Mr. Carden has not paid. I wish we would give up minding aunt Charlotte's bitter innuendoes about our having taken him in at all. Father seems to feel keenly for him, and tries all he can to make him forget he is in our debt. Almost every night father goes up and tries to persuade him to come down and share our bread and cheese supper, or drink tea with us—for it would make so very little difference to us, and it is so solitary up there. But Mr. Carden has never yet come, though I am quite sure that when he is alone he takes only a crust of bread for his own meal. Of course I don't know how he fares during the middle of the day, when he is nearly always away; but in the evening I don't think he ever has yet taken more than that with a cup of tea or coffee; and I have tried various plans to tempt him down, but always unsuccessfully. Once or twice I have made plausible excuses for taking him something up, but I see it always hurts him to accept anything, though he does smile so much, in that monotonous way of his.

Of course it is not hard for me to understand, when I watch father's failing step and unsteady hand, why he gets pushed aside in the great battle of city life; but I do wonder very often why it is that our young lodger can get no work to do, for he seems active and untiring in his efforts, and looks shrewd and strong, and experienced. Sometimes he and Philip meet in the shop, but I notice that both of them avoid meeting when they can.

"I don't quite understand him," Philip answered simply, when, on first noticing this, I questioned him about it. And I did not mention it to Mr. Carden at all, for it is so plain to see that he always, if he can, evades that honest, direct, and almost questioning glance of Philip's.

But my greatest sorrow now is to see father drooping week by week, while I have no nourishing things to give him.

I think it would be far easier to bear our poverty if it were undoubted and unquestioned, and if we lived in garrets where no one knew us or came near us, and where we had only bread to eat, and looked for nothing more. There is such a weary strain upon us here. I suppose others feel this strain. I dareway there are other families whom I might see (if I had time to watch) growing shabbier and shabbier day by day as we do. And—not knowing father himself—how can any one help looking down upon him, for his worn coat and mended gloves? And indeed are the girls at school much to blame that they laugh at Lottie's homely frocks and hat? We cannot tell how it looks from their point of view.

CHAPTER VIII.

I have begun to notice a terrible proof of our growing poverty. One by one the books (the unsold books, I should say, for we have had them too long, and they are too faded to call quite new) disappear from the shelves in the shop. I dare not let father see that I miss them, for I have guessed from the first how they go. They are his books—his only—and, if the small sum for which he sells them second-hand in the city is more needed by him just now than the books themselves, what right have I to complain?

But now, at last, sorely against my will, I am obliged to tell Lottie that we are growing poorer and poorer every day. I look away while I tell her, pretending to add up the last week's accounts, because I am so afraid of seeing her burst into tears. But, when she answers me, her eyes are perfectly dry, and as bright as ever, though her lips shake a little.

"I shall not go to school again, Jeanie."

"Just to-morrow, dear, I urge," for this is Friday.

"To-morrow," she answers, with a great determination that sounds strange in her young voice, "I shall go out—for something else."

So next morning she goes out for the first time in her life without letting me know where she is going, and when she comes home quite late in the afternoon she has a packet of cotton crochet in her hand, which she is to make into an antimacassar for a shop in the Kingsland Road. How delighted she is, dear little Lottie! And with what spirit she begins her task there and then! It is an elaborate and difficult pattern that has been given her, and the size is to be unusually large, but none of these things damp her, and I seldom see her with the work out of her fingers, until she has tied in the last bunch of fringe, and has shaken out the antimacassar, and exhibited it to us all as a treat, held by her at a safe distance from our little brothers' fingers.

But, of all proud moments in Lottie's life, the proudest comes next day, when she brings home her first earnings—two shillings! Mr. Carden is in the shop when she darts in, and he stands, and listens, and looks, while she shows me the money. Then he asks her quite coolly—poor little Lottie, how hard it must be to hear the question from him!—why she has left off going to school.

"I would rather crochet," she says, in her soft, bright tones; and he—as indeed well he may—stares at her rather curiously.

He knows almost everything that goes on in the house, and it seems natural that he should know this. A few minutes after this indifferent question to her he is congratulating her on the two shillings in the heartiest way, and just exactly proving that he too understands the value of two shillings.

He is always very careful and economical himself. Every morning, before he goes out, he makes his rooms so neat, and dusts them himself so carefully, that I can never find anything to do there. He even makes his own bed, and sometimes, when I go into the neat empty rooms, there is something utterly pathetic to me in their perfect cleanliness and order. He never will have a fire lighted for his return, and occasionally, when he has found one awaiting him—for it is so cheerless in this winter weather to come home to a fireless room—he apologizes most humbly for the trouble and expense to which he puts us. Aunt Charlotte says these fires have made a distinct increase in our expenditure, but father never forbids me to make them.

* * * * *

It is a bitter night, and father has come home from the city so utterly worn out that I beg him earnestly to go to bed; and, after long persuasion, I succeed. Yet each time I go in to him I find him wide awake, and when, at last, I take in a light, and a glass of brandy and hot water, I see his face all wet with tears.

"Jeanie, Jeanie, you should not have brought me this dear," he says. "We—you know it, dear, as well as I do—we want all our sixpences for daily bread."

"This is daily bread, father, when you will eat no other," I assert, putting the glass into his hand.

"But—how long can we go on, Jeanie?"

"We have abundance for to-morrow, dear; and the next day will be all right when it comes."

"When it comes," he echoes softly.

CHAPTER IX.

Aunt Charlotte and Lottie have both gone to bed when I leave father's room, but I don't follow them, because I think this such a good opportunity for doing a little of Lottie's crochet. I put out the gas in the parlor, light a candle for my work, and sit there at the table until my candle has burnt to its socket. I must have worked quite three hours, for it is one o'clock now.

Ever since Mr. Carden came to us I have noticed that he has had no gas burning after tea o'clock, on any night at all, so it surprises me greatly to-night, when, as I go upstairs, I see his sitting room door wide open, and a blaze of gas-light issuing from it. It strikes me in a moment that Mr. Carden has gone to bed and forgotten the lights! What a pity!

I rap upon the open door, just as a form, and of course am not surprised when no answer comes. Then I pass on into the room to turn off the gas. Just within the door I pause, in blank bewilderment, which changes slowly to real pain and fear. The room is not empty, yet our young lodger is not there. In his easy-chair another gentleman lies asleep—a slight, thin, elderly gentleman, with a colorless, unbearded face, and scanty grey hair entirely gone from the temples. He is dressed in a tight blue coat with a good many rather large gilt buttons, tight black trousers, and a high velvet waistcoat.

Presently, while something in the sleeping face puzzles me most unaccountably, I recognize the things that lie upon another chair close beside him (even in the fuller light of the gas)—the loose grey suit, without which I have never seen Mr. Carden before; the gray felt hat; a thickly-curling brown head of hair; strongely famili..r to me; an open rouge-box; and the umbrella with the bull's head on the handle.

I turn my eyes again (they are literally aching in their wide bewilderment) upon the sleeping face. Yes, with the red cheeks, with the broad smile, the curling hair all over the bare forehead and temples, this would be the face of our young lodger. And yet—is it not the face of that old gentleman who talked so bitterly to Philip and to me in the museum at Bethnal Green? Yet how different the dress is!

What does it mean?

It seems to me as if I must have stood for hours rooted to that spot, with my eyes fixed wondering at the unfamiliar face, before I turn away in my perplexity, closing the door noiselessly behind me before I go on to my own room.

I have spent wakeful nights before—many, in spite of my youth and health and good appetite—but never one like this, when the house seems to me full of mystery and cunning and deceit—my dear old home!—and when it seems so impossible to me to see what I ought to do.

How it will grieve and disappoint poor father to hear that our lodger is not what he seems to be! Yet father ought to know. Yes; I must tell him; but—ah! no, it need not be quite yet!

What can be Mr. Carden's reason for having recourse to this disguise? I can never again wonder why he has not met with an engagement, for must there not be some unexplicable chasm in his past?

Yet I have seen no hypocricy or cunning on that sleeping face, as I have seen none all these weeks in the young man's blue eyes and ready smile—just as I cannot even see them next morning, when Mr. Carden passes through the shop as usual, with his bow and smile for me. No, though I look searchingly at him, and though at last I note such an effort in his lisping tones that I wonder how I ever thought it the natural voice of a young man.

Again and again this day Lottie questions me about my absent manner, and in the evening I catch father glancing now and then anxiously across at me; but it is so pleasant to have him with us to-night as usual that I cannot tell him of my discovery yet. Then Philip comes in, and tries to cheer us all—poor Philip! So could I be the one to throw a chill among them?

Next morning, while I sit behind the counter, sewing as swiftly as I can at an immense housewife I am making for Philip, a man comes hurriedly into the shop, as if time were excessively valuable to him, and lays down upon the counter before me one of a heap of little printed handbills, which he seems to be distributing very industriously. I nod in recognition of the act, and watch him bustle out of the shop and on up the street; then, without dropping my work, I read the bill from where I sit.

Two minutes afterwards I have it tightly hidden in my hand, and am running to my own room, leaving the shop to chance. I lock my door, spread the paper on the bed, and kneel down and read it again and again—twenty times at least. I read it until not only do I know the words by heart, and not only do they seem to be repeating themselves to me in the silence, but they even shine before my eyes in the clear daylight, while I try miserably and fruitlessly to disentangle my hurrying, changing thoughts.

Yet at last, when Lottie summons me, to open my door and go back to my simple daily tasks, there still reach my heart more clearly than her words do, those words upon the printed handbill which I have locked so carefully away:

"ONE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD!—MISSING, and supposed to be hiding for private purposes in London, a gentleman of fifty years of age; height, about five feet five inches; thin, with a stoop in the shoulders; blue eyes, and very pale complexion; has a lisp, and speaks in an uncertain, rapid tone of voice. When last seen, he wore a dark blue dress coat with bright buttons, and high black velvet waistcoat. Had with him a small hair trunk, and an umbrella with a bull's head carved on the handle—Whoever shall send to MESSRS. LLOYD, OF STAPLE'S INN, such information as shall lead to his capture shall receive the above reward."

CHAPTER X.

Oh, if I could only see clearly even to-day what I ought to do, what would be wise and right to do, and—above all—what would be kind and pitiful! If the paper had but chanced to fall into my hands before that night that I went into the sitting-room and saw our lodger asleep without his disguise, then I should never have connected the two, and should have destroyed and forgotten the paper.

All through this day I go about as if in a dream. Every one of my daily tasks is done as we do things in a dream. I have decided now that it will be right to tell father—but that I need tell only father. So, as the evening comes, I listen anxiously for his step. No wonder Lottie's gaze follows me curiously. No wonder even the little boys ask me again and again what is the matter. No wonder; for every minute as I listen for father's step I am praying in my heart that he may come before Mr. Carden. I grow to think he will never come, and every effort of mine to be at ease is but a sorry failure. I take the children to bed, and talk to them as usual, but they do not beg me to stay with them to-night as they always do. Every shop in the street—except our own—is closed when I come down, and the street lamps give but a feeble light; yet the time goes on, and father does not come. I walk restlessly backwards and forwards between the street door and the parlor fireside where aunt Charlotte sits fretting, until at last she grows so tired of complaining that she lets me take her to bed.

When—in coming downstairs again—I pass the empty rooms on the first floor, a strange fear holds me, as fear never held me before, and I can scarcely bear to give Lottie the order aunt Charlotte sent, that she was at once to follow her to bed. When Lottie is gone, the house feels empty and desolate as it never felt before; yet I have often and often sat up for hours after every one was gone to bed.

I make a bargain with a boy who passes to put up the shutters for me for twopence; but I keep the door open, and stand just within it, waiting there; for I can bear the loneliness and silence of the house no longer, and now and then I go out and look along the dim, fast emptying street.

At last, as I stand watching, I see father coming slowly towards me—not as he ever came before, but walking shrinkingly close to the houses.

Without a moment's hesitation I run to meet him, and give him my arm, feeling so much stronger than he is, as well as so inexpressibly thankful that he is with me at last, his dear icy hand so tightly held in mine.

As we enter the lighted shop he looks up and scans my face with a dumb, wistful questioning; but, as I do not understand it, I can only smile, as if nothing could possibly be better than it is, and tell him again how glad I am that he has come at last. But, when we have reached the parlor, and I have stirred the fire into a blaze, and drawn his chair up to it, he asks me, in a quick half whisper, if any one was in the house—beside ourselves.

I know he doesn't mean beside himself and me; I somehow know quite well what he means. How can I help it, when his dim eyes rest upon mine in such fear? I am standing by him with a cup of coffee, when I presently ask the question, just as if I had not known:

"Whom do you expect, father?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FACETIÆ

—The best policy—One that is paid up.

—A Capitol idea—The introduction of a new resolution in Congress.

—"Fire Alarm"—The exciting discussion about future punishment.

—"Taking the temperance pledge"—The pawnbroker who receives a silver water-pitcher.

—With the departure of the slippery season the tumbling down business is picking up less than ever.

—It is the boast of Chicago that she has the largest population of any city in the West, even without those of her children who are in exile and in jail.

—One advantage attending a metal currency is that you can frequently pass off the nickel three cent piece on short-sighted people for a dime.

—A Camden man has named his dog "Rome," because at night, no matter how sleepy the family and neighbors may be, something is sure to "make Rome howl" and keep them all awake.

—A number of young ladies in Maryland have formed a cooking club and meet weekly. They invite their friends to partake of the dishes they prepare on these occasions, and several druggists in the neighborhood are rapidly making fortunes selling dyspepsia medicine.

—Education is a great thing, and the intelligent African citizen now says privately to his confidential friend that if the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain; or in other words, since the chickens won't come to him, he must go for the chickens.

—It is a curious and not unimportant mathematical problem to ascertain if a man at the present who owns merely one boil, requires everybody about him to keep some twenty feet distant, how far Job, who seems to have monopolized the entire business in this line in former days, must have insisted upon his visitors planting themselves.

—It may be all right for a boarder to fall in love with his landlady, and she, if unmarried or a widow, violates no law in returning his passion, but it is totally opposed to all sentiment and proper appetite to send him a lock of her hair through the medium of the butter or the hash served up for breakfast.

—There are some questions outside of perpetual motion that the genius of man cannot solve. How many individuals there are—earnest and anxious in their work—trying and testing for years to ascertain whether whisky straight or gin is the best corrective of a headache the next morning after a night's drunk.

—The indented spine of a fish skeleton is said to have given man the first idea of that useful implement, the saw. A knowledge of this interesting fact, however, has never yet excited a boy's sympathies to any extraordinary degree of energy, while investigating it in its relation to a wood-pile through the medium of a saw-horse.

—It is well to pretend to a love of music, even if there is no real foundation for it. Because should the rumor of your harmonic predilections get around among the neighbors, it may inspire such confidence in the young man next door who is learning to play on the accordeon, that you may be able to get near enough to kill him.

—The truly chivalrous man, when speaking of early times and necessarily referring to woman, will never use the term "ancients." It will be more in harmony with that law of the female nature which requires that she shall never be old under any circumstances, to use a paraphrase in such cases and say, "When the world was young."

—There is a good deal of truth in Darwinism after all. One of its leading tenets is that natural circumstances generally influence and give color to all subjective creatures and matter. Thus we observe of a "soft" moonlight evening that almost all the young couples out promenading or hanging over front gates, usually conduct themselves in a much similar manner.

—Close observers have often noticed that travellers about to leave the city usually enter a glassware store to inquire the way to the depot, and apparently failing to get the information there, next ask at a neighboring sample room. But what necessary connection there is between this and their subsequent flourishing of new and well-filled whisky flasks on board the train, it would be difficult to explain.

—The man whom stress of fortune compels to sleep in bed with another individual who is not strongly impressed with the practical utility and benevolence of keeping his toenails cut short, while given at the same time to spasmodic restlessness, chiefly affecting the legs, is apt to regard it a special instance of Nature's oversight, that every generation has not a Herod who might dispose of a certain portion of the infant population.

—Love's young dream is proverbially sweet, and statistics would undoubtedly prove that the majority of America's multitude of original poets were filled with the divine afflatus at the moment Cupid's gold-tipped arrow first touched their souls. And whether they addressed the object of their hope through the "poetry corner" of a Sunday paper, or the less public channel of the post, it is certain they have made them angels, save in the small matter of locality alone. But be that as it may, the Fates generally insist upon the girls reading it most romantically, while eating cold potatoes or engaged in some much similar uncelestial occupation.

—A good joke is told on a prominent deacon of a Presbyterian church in a certain town in the West, who is very deaf, an ardent lover of music, and takes great interest in the singing in church and Sunday school. The deacon for some time past has been trying to introduce a new hymn and tune-book, and the pastor has been equally zealous in his efforts to have all the children in the congregation baptized. The other Sunday he, the pastor, made a long, loud and strong appeal to parents to bring their children and have them baptized, when up jumped the deacon—not having heard a word, but supposing it was a speech in favor of his new hymn book—and made the following announcement: "And all those who have not got them, I am prepared to supply at introduction prices, viz: seventy-five cents with notes, and fifty cents without notes." It is not necessary to add that there was an audible smile in that church which the deacon could not understand. The next day his wife, who is afflicted the same as her husband, asked a lady friend: "What did Thomas say yesterday? I felt it in the air that there was something wrong."

IF IN WANT OF A REMEDY FOR A SORE THROAT, or a Bad Cough or Cold, try Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, an old stand by for Lung and Throat Troubles.

REST.

Love give me one of thy dear hands to hold,
Take thou my tired head upon thy breast;
Then sing me that sweet song we love of old,
The dear, soft song about our little nest.
We knew the song before the nest was ours;
We sang the song when first the nest we found:
We loved the song in happy after hours,
When peace came to us, and content profound.
Then sing that olden song to me to-night,
While I, reclining on thy faithful breast,
See happy visions in the frail firelight,
And my whole soul is satisfied with rest.
Better than all our bygone dreams of bliss,
Are deep content and rest secure as this.

What though we missed love's golden summer time,
His autumn fruits were ripe when we had leave
To enter joy's wide vineyard in our prime,
Good guerdon for our waiting to receive;
Love gave us no frail pledge of summer flowers,
But side by side we reaped the harvest-field;
Now side by side we pass the winter hours,
And day by day new blessings are revealed.
The heyday of our youth, its roseate glow,
Its high desires and cravings manifold.
The rapture and delights of long ago,
Have passed; but we have truer joys to hold.
Sing me the dear old song about the nest,
Our blessed home, our little ark of rest.

FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "A BRIDE FROM THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII—[CONTINUED.]

His wife continued:

"I have never complained, because I saw no use in it; but I assure you that I have not been happy—far from it. Perhaps I am graver by nature than some women. I cannot fill my life with gaiety, visiting, luxury, and pleasure. I want something more. Other woman have love to live for—I have none."

She stopped suddenly, looking terribly confused.

"I understand," he said quietly. "Go on, Hildred."

"My time hangs heavily on my hands. I have nothing to do—no occupation. Oh, Lord Caraven, be patient with me! I want to ask you for something that will give me interest—that will occupy me—that will stand to me in the place of happiness and love."

"I will help you to it, if I can," he replied.

She looked so fair, standing before him pleading her own cause. She drew a little nearer to him, as though her confidence in him were increasing.

"This is what I want you to do for me, Lord Caraven," she said. "I am not ignorant in such matters, you might sneer at me, and say my talent is hereditary; but you will not do that. I have some little experience, and I should improve day by day."

He looked at her, half wondering, half amused.

"What is it, Hildred?" he asked. "I do not in the least understand."

"It is this. I want you to let me be your steward—I mean, let me have charge of your estate. I could do the duties far better than Mr. Blantyre."

"I give him a large salary," said Lord Caraven, half laughing—"he ought to do them well."

"But you have seen for yourself that he does not," she returned; "he is not a just steward."

"No," was the grave admission, "he is not just. It is that which grieves me. He has abused my trust. I shall never believe in him again."

"Then let me take his place," she cried eagerly. "I do not mean in the mere keeping of accounts—you will always want some one for that—nor even in the looking after little details; but let me be your head steward, Lord Caraven, and the welfare of your tenants and dependents, the well-being of your estate, the care of your property, shall be my one interest in life. I will be content to work early and late, to live without pleasure, if you will only grant my prayers."

"But you are a lady, Hildred. How could you find time for it?"

In her eagerness she forgot her reserve—she laid her hand upon his arm and looked into his face.

"I am not a fine lady; I am a lawyer's daughter. It may even be that I inherit my father's liking for business. I shall find time, believe me, if you will give your consent."

"What would you do Hildred, supposing I gave my consent?" he asked.

"Say rather what would I not do. I would reform all abuses. I would make Ravensmere a model estate—people should point to it as a pattern. I would make your laborers men; they are now only soulless drudges. I would pull down those wretched cottages where squalor and disease run riot, and build in their places homes that even the poor could love. I would educate the children. What a question it is you ask! What would I not do?"

The Earl rose from his chair; he bent his head with chivalrous grace before her.

"My wife," he said, "you shame me."

"No," she cried, "you must not say that to me."

"I repeat it—you shame me," he went on. "Yes, I give my consent—my free, full, hearty consent. You will make a better mistress of Ravensmere than I do a master. You shall be the queen-regnant; I will be your prime minister. I place and leave all authority in your hands, and I promise you most faithfully that I will never interfere; you shall pull down and build up, you shall do just as you will, I will never interfere."

She was so overjoyed with his promises, with the change in his manner, with that earnestness o this, that she forgot all about her restraint and indifference, and she kissed the hand that held her own. She saw her husband's face flush crimson, and she drew back suddenly.

"I beg your pardon," she said; "I am very sorry. I did not think of what I was doing, I was so overjoyed."

He took no notice of the involuntary caress, nor of the apology, though both had struck him.

"I am glad that you are pleased, Hildred," he said. "In placing my interests in your hands I feel I have done the wisest action of my life. To-morrow we will send for Blantyre, and you shall confront him."

She left him then, pleased, happy, confused, with an overwhelming sense of the responsibilities that she had assumed, and with something, she could hardly tell what, stirring in her; while Lord Caraven looked in amazement at the hand she had kissed. He wondered if he should ever understand her; and he began daily to perceive that in the money-lender's daughter he had found a noble, high-souled, glorious woman.

Then he smiled to himself, thinking that in these strange days it was impossible to understand anything, and that it was within the bounds of possibility that Hildred inherited her father's talents for business.

"And an excellent thing it will be for me," he said, "if she has."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The visitors at Ravensmere became dimly aware that some more important business than usual was at hand. The Earl was seen with a preoccupied face. He had been heard to refuse Lord Damers' challenge to a billiard-match. He had distinctly stated that he should not join in the hunt that Colonel Hungerford had arranged. What was the matter? Lady Caraven was, as usual, bright, beautiful, and graceful; but those who knew her best saw that she was engrossed by some thought.

The Earl rung for his footman.

"When Mr. Blantyre comes, show him into my study," he said; and then he went over to his wife. "You do not feel nervous at the task you have undertaken?" he questioned.

"No," she replied calmly, "but I fancy that Mr. Blantyre will feel nervous before we have done with him."

The Earl smiled. If this trusted servant of his had deceived him, the sooner he was unmasked and punished so much the better.

"I think," said Lady Caraven, "it would be quite as well if we looked over the balance-sheet before Mr. Blantyre comes—it will shorten the interview."

He acquiesced at once, and followed his wife to the study. The aspect of that room was somewhat changed. The photographs, the love-tokens that had displeased Lady Caraven, the portraits of popular actresses and of well-known *danseuses*, had all disappeared; the room looked more like a study, for the tables were covered with books and papers.

"You have seldom, I suppose, looked over one of these balance-sheets," she said to the Earl.

"No," he replied, "I do not remember that I have ever examined one."

"Will you look at this, Lord Caraven? All this is quite wrong—several entries are incorrect, and the reckoning is falsified."

The Earl was slightly embarrassed.

"I do not think, to tell you the truth, Hildred, that I am very clever at accounts," he stammered.

"But surely you can see whether this is correct? Believe me, a child could see it."

"Then I am not so wise even as a child," he said ruefully, but, leaning over her shoulder, he tried to understand what she said.

It was indeed easy enough—the whole sheet, as she pointed out, had been got up to meet the eye.

"And you have never noticed this?" said the young Countess.

"No, indeed," he replied—"I have never even thought of it."

"Then you have been a very easy master to please," she remarked. "I need hardly say, Lord Caraven, that the man who falsifies his accounts is a rogue. You know it."

"I know that much. I am afraid to think whether all the balance-sheets he has prepared, since he has been my agent, have been like this."

"You have never looked into one, I imagine."

"No—never."

They were interrupted by the entrance of the agent himself—the man whom, from his face, Lady Caraven suspected from the first of being dishonest.

John Blantyre was a tall, gentlemanly-looking man of specious manner and good address. A rogue from liking as much as anything else, he would not have cared to be honest if he could! He had contrived to ingratiate himself into the favor of Lord Caraven, from the conviction that he could do as he liked with the easy, indolent, pleasure-loving nobleman. He had done so. He had pandered to all the young Earl's weaknesses; to the cry of "money, money!" he had responded by wringing more and more from the tenants, by raising rents, refusing repairs, by all the mean and underhand tricks that he could play. He answered the Earl's purpose well, because he could, from some source or other, always find him money. The young nobleman was too careless, too indolent to stop to think that while he was thus impoverishing the estate, the unjust steward was enriching himself. Balance-sheets were brought to him that he never even glanced at; bankers' books, bills, receipts, were passed over in similar fashion. He never troubled himself to looked at any. The result was irretrievable confusion. John Blantyre had laid aside a fair fortune for himself.

"Let the worst come," he said to himself, "if I am caught there will be only a few years' imprisonment; then I can go abroad and enjoy my savings."

Yet he relied implicitly on his good fortune that he should not be caught.

He entered the room smiling, with his bland, obsequious manner. His face changed when he saw the Countess of Caraven looking over his balance-sheets. The Earl pointed to a chair; the detected thief sat down.

The Countess' eyes were raised to the bland face of the agent; they seemed to burn him. The Earl left the discussion to her, as he had said he would. Words could not have expressed the proud, cold contempt of her face as she spoke to him.

"You are well aware, Mr. Blantyre, that this balance-sheet is worth nothing? The accounts are falsified."

"I am not aware of anything of the kind your ladyship. There may be a few mistakes—it was hurriedly made out. May I ask permission to——"

"You may ask nothing, sir," she replied curtly. "Tell Lord Caraven, if it be correct, that you have taken a bribe from some one who wants Bromhill Farm—a bribe to turn out the old tenants, and bring in a new one."

"Lord Caraven knows that he——"

But the Countess interrupted him.

"Did you take the bribe? 'Yes,' or 'No?'"

"Yes," he replied sullenly.

"Mr. Blantyre," said the young Countess, "you are a detected thief. You have robbed your employer, you have falsified your accounts, you have ground down the poor, you have oppressed the helpless, you have made my husband's name hated and loathed, you have betrayed your trust, you have drawn down upon your own head the curses of those people whom ill-luck has brought into contact with you."

"Stay, my lady. You accuse me, and give me no chance to defend myself."

The Earl was watching his wife intently. He saw the color rising in her face, he saw the light in her eyes, he heard the passion, the scorn of wrong-doing that trembled in her voice.

"She is equal to it," he thought; "there is no need for me to interfere."

"You cannot defend yourself," she replied. "I hold innumerable proofs of what I assert."

John Blantyre cowered before the bright indignation of the fearless eyes, and, turning to the Earl, said:

"My lord, I have been a faithful servant of yours; have you nothing to say for me?"

"Upon my word, Blantyre, I believe you have been a most consummate rogue," answered the Earl. "I have placed all my authority in the hands of Lady Caraven. She is to do as she will."

The bland smile on the agent's face changed to an ugly sneer. The young Countess rose from her seat, and, extending her arm, pointed with her finger to the door.

"I shall waste no words with you, sir," she said. "Go. We might prosecute you, we might force you to give up your ill-gotten gains, we might expose you to the contempt of the world—but you are not worth it. I bid you go, and the punishment of your conduct will be that every one will know that you have been dismissed characterless. Not one word!"

He made a motion as though he would speak. She still kept her hand outstretched to the door; her eyes overmastered him. He turned to quit the room.

When he reached the door, rage overcame prudence. He looked back at the noble figure of the young wife.

"I thank you, Lady Caraven," he said. "I owe this to you."

She made no sign that she had heard him.

"To you," he continued, with a sneer; "and we all know that you are here only on sufferance. Take care that your own turn does not come."

There was no answer. Not even a quiver of the white eyelids showed that she heard him. His rage increased.

"Good day, Countess of Caraven," he said. "You have called me a thief; you have, after a fashion, ruined me. I will be revenged—I swear it! Even should years pass before I can carry out my purpose, I will be revenged." And with those words he quitted the study.

Lord Caraven made a hasty step across the room to punish John Blantyre's insolence, but his wife touched him gently.

"You would not, surely," she said, "soil your hands with him?"

"I'll kill him if he insults you!" he exclaimed.

"He will not have the chance of insulting me again, Lord Caraven; now we will forget him. The unjust man shall pass away, and his place shall know him no more; we have finished with John Blantyre—now for happier times. If the poor people on the Ravensmere estates knew what has happened, they would set the bells ringing for joy."

He watched her as she went with her free, graceful, proud step and flung the window wide open.

"We will have some fresh air," she said. "I can never bear the atmosphere in which a bad man has breathed."

"You would not be a good prison matron," he remarked, laughingly.

"No, I hate wickedness. I have a constitutional dislike to it; and I love goodness with all my heart."

"Then to win the love of your heart one must be good?" questioned the Earl.

"Not only good, but noble," she replied; and then their *tete-a tete* was interrupted. Lord Damers wanted the Earl.

Long after he had left the room she stood wondering if John Blantyre would keep his oath, and, if he did, what manner of vengeance he would take. Not even a gleam of the terrible reality came to her.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Before many days had elapsed it became apparent that a new reign had begun at Ravensmere. Sir Raoul was charmed and delighted; he never wearied of praising Lady Caraven, and telling her what a noble work she was doing; he did his best to help her. A wonderful change was coming over the Earl. Not that he was beginning in the least to love his wife—that idea had not yet occurred to him; but he was beginning to treat her with great respect, to recognize the fact that she was a high-souled woman. It was of her mind he thought; her personal charms, great as they were, had not as yet impressed him. He had started with the conviction that his wife was a dark-eyed unformed schoolgirl, and he had not as yet made the discovery that she was a beautiful woman; but her mind impressed him—her calm patience, her lofty standard of thought and action, her purity, her intense desire to do her duty, had all surprised and then pleased him. He wondered that he had been blind to these qualities for so long, but he consoled himself by thinking that they were only just developed, and perhaps never—such was the observant power of the man—would have been developed but for the circumstances in which she was placed. He never dreamed of loving her—he had started with the idea that he did not love her and never should. He was a man slow to change his ideas.

But, although the idea of love had not occurred to him, their relations towards each other were fast changing. The beautiful gifted wife was fast taking her place in every respect and in every way, except in her husband's heart. Her patience and good sense never failed her, little failures did not daunt her. Her courage seemed invincible; if she ever felt discouraged, she never showed it. Her influence over the Earl increased every day, yet there were relapses into the old faults. There were mornings when, after having played cards half the night, he would sleep away the lovely fresh sunlit hours, and come down at noon with just sufficient grace to feel ashamed of himself. Then it was that her calm noble patience was shown to perfection. She did not reproach him as other women would have done, she did not utter little sarcasms and talk "at", him, as is the fashion with some of the best of wives; there was a high-mindedness about her that was irresistible. It was the same with his other evil habits. If the old fascination came over him, and he spent a day and a night at the billiard-table, to the utter neglect of all other duties, she was patience itself. She avoided that worst of all faults that even good wives have—lecturing. The Earl knew that, although he might fail, might break down in his resolutions, there was a kind firm hand to help him to rise again. In some kind of fashion they were like two friends; like husband and wife they certainly were not.

Lady Caraven lost no time when her husband had once given her permission to act. He affected to laugh and feel amused at her zeal and enthusiasm—in reality it shamed him. He asked her what her first reform was to be; and she told him all the laborers' cottages were to be pulled down, and fresh houses built for them—houses where the first laws of health could be regarded. She wanted good fresh air, dry walls, pure water, plenty of room. She did not rest until the workmen were busy in removing what she called the "fever-acres."

She was to have it all her own way, yet she showed the sweetest submission to her husband. When the architect and builder waited upon her with plans for the model cottages, she took them at once to him. He looked up laughingly.

"You pay me a compliment, Hildred," he said; "but it is all your affair entirely, not mine."

"I shall find no pleasure in it unless I have your approval," she replied. "I am your head steward, not your guide. Look over these with me."

They sat down side by side, and Lord Caraven positively forgot all about the plans in his wonder at his wife. How bright her face grew as she dwelt on the advantages of the pretty houses.

"We shall have no more pale, stunted, deformed children," she said. "Ah, Lord Caraven, you do not know how the sight of those children has touched my heart! Do you remember Mrs. Browning's pathetic lines:

'The children—oh, my brothers.'"

"No, I have never heard them," he replied.

"If you saw the dull pale faces, the dim eyes, the deformed limbs! I always feel ready to cry out, 'Give the children air, for Heaven's sake!' Now in these our new houses they will have air; we shall see rosy faces, we shall hear the music of glad young voices, and as you pass by they will bless you, Lord Caraven—they will stand up together, the young and the old, to bless you. Oh, let us make haste!"

Looking at her, listening to her, he thought of the child with the darkening face. "Shall I throw a stone at him?" What a contrast between the picture she painted and the sad reality! Something like a sob rose to the lips of the Earl. Stoned by a child! How the disgrace of it clung to him!

"You are thinking of something else," she said, suddenly coming to a close in the midst of her description of cottage-gardens.

"I plead guilty," answered Lord Caraven. "I was thinking of you."

"Of me?" she exclaimed, with such sincerity of surprise that he was startled. "I did not know that you ever thought of me. You must not think of me now; I want all your attention for these plans; you must decide as to them."

"I cannot help thinking of you, Hildred. Tell me, from where do you get your wonderful energy, your fresh, bright interest in everything?"

"I cannot tell you," she replied. "I suppose all things are part of myself."

"Then you have a very wonderful self, Hildred, and I may be pardoned for thinking of it. Now about these plans—I think this is the simplest, the prettiest, and the best."

They discussed them in full detail, and that conversation had something so interesting, so piquant in it, that the Earl was deeply interested.

"Thank you," said Hildred, looking up with a charming smile; "I am grateful to you for relieving me in my perplexity."

"The pleasure has been all on my side," he answered; and that was the most gallant speech that the Earl had yet made to his wife.

The difference in him was plainly to be seen. Men who had gamed and betted with him, who had won his money and paid it back to him in flattery, shrank from him, seeing that their hour was over. They sneered about him, and said something to each other about petticoat government. But one day, when Lord Caraven had refused a heavy wager at billiards, some one remarked that Lady Caraven had taught him better ways. He looked up with a frank laugh.

"My wife!" he said. "Oh, no! She has had nothing to do with it;" and he honestly believed what he said.

Her influence had been so wisely directed, so sparingly used, that he could not trace it; and he thought that he alone had aroused himself from his long trance of indolence. No woman on earth could have won a greater victory.

"I am so glad I have been patient," she said to herself. "I am glad I chose the higher and nobler part, instead of the weaker one of running away."

So time passed on, and the beautiful summer days were filled with schemes and plans for the benefit of others.

It seemed to the Earl that he was really waking up from a long sleep. The world was wearing a different aspect for him. He had never even given a thought to politics. With the arbitrary insolence of youth he had pronounced them nonsense—and that was one of the things that Sir Raoul most deplored. Hildred too was sorry for it. She had been so successful in other matters that she ventured at last upon this. It was by a series of well-directed questions that she first aroused his attention. In trying to answer them he grew interested himself. "If I could vote," Hildred had a fashion of saying, "I should try to urge that measure." At last Lord Caraven awoke to the consciousness that in the government of Britain's mighty empire he too ought to have a voice.

They had seen nothing of John Blantyre since his abrupt dismissal. The Earl had been told that he had left Mere Cottage, but that he was living at Court Raven. That piece of intelligence did not trouble him; the unjust steward was part and parcel of the past—a past he was beginning to think of with regret. Nevertheless John Blantyre lived only for his revenge.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SPIDERS.—Spiders fly without wings. Some spiders wrap themselves up in silken bags, and float through the air in great numbers. There is a tiny black spider, very common on the Sussex coast, England, which flies about floated by a filament, as a boy swims floated by a string of bladders. Wings, therefore, are not essential to flying; but a certain proportional lightness is essential. A boy does not need bladders to maintain his balance; but a spider seems to require its thread, as a bird requires a gaseous structure and wing surface.

THE WAY A THING IS DONE IS WHAT COUNTS.—An old darkey who was asked if in his experience prayer was ever answered, replied: "Well, sah, some pra'rs is ansud an' some isn't—' pends on w'at you axes fo.' Jest arter de wha, w'en it was mighty hard scratchin' fo' de culled bredders, I'bserved dat w'enebber I pway de Lod to sen'one o' Marse Peyton's fat turkeys fo' de ole man, dere was no notice took of de partition; but w'en I pway dat he would sen, de ole man fo' de turkey, de matter was' tended to befo' sun-up nex' mornin', dead sartin!"

BOOK OF ORIGINS.

ORIGIN OF PHRASES—THE ETYMOLOGY OF WORDS—REMARKABLE OLD SAYINGS—QUAINT EXPRESSIONS PECULIAR TO ALL AGES AND NATIONS.

BY JAMES REES.

"In primus hominis est propria
Veri inquisitio atque investigatio."
CICERO.

"The searching out and thorough investigation of truth, is the first, the primary study of man."

W.

[CONTINUED.]

WAFERS.

The oldest letter yet found with a red wafer was written in 1624, from D. Krap, at Spires, to the government at Bayreuth. Wafers are ascribed, by Labat, to Genoese economy. In the seventeenth century they were only used by private persons, and public seals commenced only in the eighteenth century.

WALKING STICKS.

Walking sticks were first introduced into fashion by the effeminate Henry II. of France, but did not become a requisite appendage to the gentleman of fashion in England till the year 1655, at which time they were formed with an indented head, in order to afford a more easy pressure of the hand which they supported. Ingenuity, which in matters of fashion is ever on the alert, now crowned it with the addition of the round and hollow top, which sometimes contained nutmeg or ginger to warm the stomach of the valetudinarian, and sometimes sugar-candy for the asthmatic; but the use of snuff soon after becoming universal among the *bon ton* of society, the cavity was exclusively appropriated to its reception, and the meeting of two friends was invariably marked, after the first salutation, by the unscrewing of the tops of their walking sticks.

The color of the cane was a matter of taste or of fashion. Anterior and even subsequent to the time of Shakespeare, the most popular color was yellow. Shakespeare uses it thus:

Qc. *Peter Simple*, you say your name is?
Si. I; for fault of a better.
Qc. And Master *Slender's* your master?
Si. I forsooth.
Qc. Do's he not weare a great round beard like a glover's paring-knife?
Si. No, forsooth; he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a caine colourd beard.
Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I, Sc. 4.

We make this extract from the genuine folio edition of 1623. In all the modern editions of Shakespeare the last sentence is printed, "a Cain-colored beard," thereby inferring that Simple described his master as having a beard the same color as Cain's! Had Cain a beard? And if he had, how did Simple know that his master's beard was of the same color as Cain's? He certainly did not know that he had "a little yellow beard"; but he did know that it was "a cane colored beard," and so expressed himself.

WAR TO THE KNIFE.

A phrase popular with all pugilistic people. We believe the term originated with the French, who are somewhat celebrated for chivalric expressions. Many of these, we regret to say, originated with that foolish system of settling disputes with the sword or pistol, known in modern parlance as the duelle. "Guerre a mort," war till death; "Guerre a outrance," war to the uttermost—utmost. Two phrases which, it is to be hoped, posterity will remember only as having disgraced the commencement of the nineteenth century.

WASSAIL.

Wassail, or *was hale*, in Saxon, signifies your health, and is now used in a very limited sense, and only at the time of Christmas, in England and Ireland. It in the olden time denoted mirth and festivity in general, and in this sense it occurs in Shakespeare, as follows:

"The King doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering upspring reels."

Perhaps the origin of the term may be traced to the story of Vortigern and Rowena, the beautiful daughter of Hengist. On their first interview she drank his health in a cup of spiced liquor, in conformity to the social compliment—"O King, live forever!" and presenting him the bowl, she said, "*Ha' ford Kyning waes hael!*" i. e., "My Lord King your health!" and after she had drank he took the cup, and kissed the damsel and pledged her.

Milton alludes to the custom of wassail in the following lines:

"I'm loath to meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence
Of such late wassailers."

Then indeed did all arise, and went to the women, where spending all the day, and good part of the night, in dancing, carolling and wassailing."—*Sidney, Arcadia, B. III.*

WATCH HIM LIKE A HAWK.

Hawks were tamed by watching. Shakespeare has several allusions to it. Desdemona in assuring Cassio how she will urge his suit with Othello, says:

"I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience."

Selden, in his Table Talk, says:

"Lecturers get a great deal of money, because they preach the people tame, as a man watches a hawk."

WHIG.

The term "Whig" was first known in the reign of Charles I, of England. It is of Scotch origin. Those who were most active in placing William of Orange on the throne, were first called whigs. It was introduced immediately after the failure of Hamilton's expedition into England in the year 1648, for the rescue of Charles I. from the hands of his fanatical subjects. After Hamilton's defeat, a party arose, who were called the "Westland Whigs." This faction attempted to raise an insurrection, which is thus alluded to in Laing's History: "The party appellation of Whigamores, or briefly Whigs, had its origin at this period, and the insurrection referred to was called the 'Whigamores' raid,' or incursion, that term being the common one for the predatory incursions of the (Scottish) Borderers." "Whigamore" was a word employed by the peasants of Scotland in driving horses. The name was subsequently transferred to those who opposed the Court of Charles II, and were suspected of democratic tendencies. Whig is, by others, supposed to mean whey, once the customary food of the poor in Scotland. Sir Walter Scott, in his "Tales of a Grandfather," Daniel Pope, in his "Memoirs of the Church of Scotland," Bishop Burton, in the "History of His Own Times," and Ash, in his Dictionary (as quoted by Webster), do not materially differ from the account quoted above, as to the origin of the term. During the Revolutionary war, the name was adopted and worn, in contradistinction to Tory, by the friends and supporters of the war and principles of the revolution.

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES WHIG AND TORY.

These names were first used in the year 1680. The first was a name of reproach given by the court party to their antagonists, for resembling the principles of the whigs, or fanatical conventicles in Scotland, and the other was given by the country party to that of the court, comparing them to the tories, or robbers in Ireland. They formerly were called whigs from *Whiggamore*, a name given to the Scots in the South West, who, for want of corn in that quarter, used annually to repair to Leith to buy stores that came from the North, and all that drove were called *Whiggamors* or *Whigs*, from the term "*Whiggam*," which they used in driving their horses. In the year 1648 the Presbyterian ministers incited an insurrection against the court, and marched with the people to Edinburgh; this was called "the *Whiggamors' inroad*;" and, after this, all that opposed administration in Scotland were called whigs, and from hence the term was adopted in England.

Burnet tells us the name is derived from the word *Whiggam*, used by the Western Scots in driving their horses, whence the drivers were called *Whiggamors* (see "Whig") and by contraction whigs.

In another place he says: "The Baptists are also reckoned a branch of the Tories, because they are attached to the party. As they can never hope to make their religion national but by the means of an absolute King, it is not surprising that they should herd with the arbitrary tories."

As the terms Whigs and Tories have exercised the ingenuity and research of literary antiquarians, we add to the above the following, which we extract from the Edinburg Magazine, 1817:

WHIG AND TORY.

I. "This year (says Hume, Hist, Eng. 1680) is remarkable for being the epoch of the well known epithets of *Whig* and *Tory*, by which, and sometimes without any material difference, this island has been so long divided. The court party reproached their antagonists with their affinity to the fanatical conventiclers in Scotland, who were known by the name of *Whigs*; the country party found a resemblance between the courtiers and banditti in Ireland, to whom the appellation of *Tory* was affixed. And after this manner these foolish terms of reproach came into public and general use; and even at present seem not nearer their end than when they were first invented."

II. Mr. Laing takes no notice of the term *Tory*, but of *Whig* he gives the following as the origin:

"Argyle and Lothian had begun an insurrection in the Highlands," and so forth. "The expedition was termed the *Whiggamore's inroad*, from a word employed by these western peasants in driving horses; and the name, transferred in the succeeding reign to the opponents of the court, is still preserved and cherished by the Whigs, as the genuine descendants of the covenanting Scots."[*]

III. Bailey, in his dictionary, gives the following:

"WHIG (Sax.) whey, butter-milk, or very small beer." Again:

"A WHIG—first applied to those in Scotland who kept their meetings in the fields, their common food being sour milk;—a nickname given to those who were against the court interest in the times of King Charles and James II., and to such as were for it in succeeding reigns."

With regard to *Tory*, he says:

"A word first used by the Protestants in Ireland to signify those *Irish* common robbers and murderers who stood outlawed for robbery and murder; a nickname to such as call themselves high church men, or to the partisans of the Chevalier de St. George."

IV. Johnson, again, has "WHIG (Sax.) 1. Whey. 2. The name of a faction,"—and as to TORY, he supposes it to be derived from an Irish word signifying a savage. "One who adheres to the ancient constitution of the state and the apostolical hierarchy of the church of England—opposed to a Whig."

Torbee is the Irish appellation for a person who seizes by force, and, without the intervention of law, what, whether really so or not, he alleges to be his property.

V. Daniel Defoe, in No.75 of Vol. VII. of his "Review of the British Nation," (1709) gives the following history of these terms:

"The word Tory is Irish, and was first made use of in Ireland, in the time of Elizabeth's wars there. It signified a kind of robbers, who being listed in neither army, preyed upon their country, without distinction of English or Irish.

"In the Irish massacre of 1641, you had them in great numbers, assistant in everything that was bloody and villainous, and particularly when humanity prevailed upon some of the Papists to preserve Protestant relations; there were such as chose to butcher brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers, and dearest friends and nearest relations, and these were called Tories.

"In England, about the year 1680, a party of men appeared among us, who, though pretended Protestants, yet applied themselves to the ruin and destruction of their country. They quickly got the name of Tories. Their real godfather, who gave them the name, was Titus Oates, and the occasion as follows: The author of this happened to be present. There was a meeting of some people in the city, upon the occasion of the discovery of some attempt to stifle the evidence of the witnesses, (about the Popish plot) and tampering with Bedlow and Stephen Dugdale.—Among the discourse, Mr. Bedlow said, he had letters from Ireland, that there were some Tories to be brought over hither, who were privately to murder Dr. Oates and the said Bedlow.

"The Doctor, whose zeal was very hot, could never hear any man talk after this against the plot, or against the witnesses, but he thought he was one of these Tories, and called almost every man who opposed him in discourse—a Tory; till at last the word Tory became popular, and they owned it, just as they do now the name 'highflyer.'

"As to the word *Whig*, it is Scotch. The use of it began there, when the western men, called Cameronians, took arms frequently for their religion. *Whig* was a word used in those parts for a kind of liquor the western Highlandmen used to drink, the composition of which I do not remember, but so became common to these people who drank it. These men took up arms about the year 1681, being the insurrection at Bothwell Bridge. The Duke of Monmouth, then in favor here, was sent against them by King Charles and defeated them. At his return, instead of thanks for his good service, he found himself ill-treated for using them mercifully. And Lauderdale told Charles, with an oath, that the Duke had been so civil to the *Whigs*, because he was a *Whig* himself in his heart. This made it a court word, and in a little while all the friends and followers of the duke began to be called *Whigs*; and they, as the other party did by the word *Tory*, took it freely enough to themselves."

WHIPPING THE APPLE TREES—CUSTOM OF.

In the parish of Warlington, in Surrey, the following custom existed a few years since; it referred to the rites performed in honor of Pomona:

Early in the spring boys go around to the several orchards in the parish, and whip the apple trees in order to procure a plentiful crop of fruit; and, after having done it, they carry a bag to the house, when it is usual for the owner of the trees, or orchards, to reward them with a gift of meal; they then depart to perform the same ceremony at the next orchard, or premises where there are apple trees.

WHITE FEATHER.

"He shows the white feather," in other words "he is a coward." An allusion to a game cock, which, having a white feather, is a proof that he is not of the true game breed.

"He never yet has shown in fight,
The snow-white feather's damning shade."

or,

"All high-bred heroes of the ring,
Whose very gammon would delight one;
Who, nurs'd beneath the fancy's wing.
Show all her feathers but the *white* one."

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[*] For a further account of the term "Whigmore," see Burnet as quoted in Johnson's Dictionary.

[†] In different parts of Scotland the term *Whig* is still commonly applied to a sort of sour liquid which is obtained from milk or cream. The whig is taken from cream after it has been collected six or eight days for a *kirning*, and is drawn off by a spigot from the bottom of the cask or can. It is also taken from sour milk when in a coagulated state, or what the Scotch call *lappert milk*, being merely the thin watery substance which is separated from the curd on stirring it about. The whig, both of sour milk and cream, is extremely tart to the taste. It is not, so far as we know, used in any way for food by the common people. Might not this term have been first applied to the covenanters in derision of their austere manners and unpalatable opinions?

[TO BE CONTINUED]

MR. HEAVY HEELS.

BY JULIA E. TORREY.

One would scarcely imagine, to look at Charlie Burton, when standing or sitting, that his powers of locomotion were such as to cause the title, Mr. Heavy Heels, to be bestowed upon him, without wronging the life that one would suppose was ever ready to kick itself out, in a most sprightly manner, from the heels of this bright looking boy. But every one, even his own mother, had often occasion to address him by this heavy-sounding title as he came creeping toward a duty awaiting him, with a sound coming from his heels, like a groan of impatience, because they were compelled to "drag their weary weights along."

Not only when Duty said, "Step promptly forward," but even when Pleasure's voice would ring out in glad tones, "run!" would the heavy creep hold his young muscles in check, while the slow creak of his heels would remind one of a clock ticking away in the weighty manner that run-down clocks are given to tick. Charlie needed winding up till *his* "weights" should nearly touch the head gear, in order to get him into running order.

Everybody understood the necessity of the winding, but nobody seemed to hold the right key; but somewhere, among the circumstances that it takes to round a life, his mother felt that the key might be found, and waited patiently, hopefully, for that time to come.

His playmates were frisky as kittens, and yet they could neither "pur" nor "scratch" at him, so that he would "skip" his slow tread, and dance off into quick-timed music. They took especial delight in getting Charlie "boxed up tight," as they called it. All their energy is exerted in driving in the "nails" that are to form the trap, that he must jump over with quick motion, in order to escape. The quick motion never comes, and so the trap snaps every time.

These young assaulters made many a delightful attack, out in the barn, to which "place of amusement" they are now wending their way.

There goes Mr. Heavy Heels, preceded by his brothers, Tom and Jack, and a whole regiment of attachees, headed by Colonel Will Stir Up, who takes the lead on all occasions, so that it is an understood thing, among this band of merry boys, that when their Will goes forth he will stir up something "perfectly jolly."

He now pushes the barn door open, and cries out:

"Up into the loft, and send down a hay mountain!"

All scrambled up, some almost leaping over the heads of the slower ones, till all were assembled, ready for action; then they burrowed into the hay, and came up armed with what proved to be hay weapons, for at the command, "throw!" all threw out their arms, and were in the act of sending down, what was to be the foot of the mountain, when Heavy Heels entered the barn, and reached the spot where the mountain was to spring up.

With warning cries of "out of the way Heavy Heels!" down came the hay, and with it Heavy Heels, too, for the hay whacked him on the back, for being in its way, with such force as to send him sprawling flat.

"A good foundation!" cried Will. "Hurry up, boys, and we will soon have big fun!"

Their arms seemed strung on coiled wires, so rapidly did they spring back and forth till a great mountain of dried sweetness was piled up, waiting for its inhabitants to take possession; then:

"Be ye flying squirrels!" cried Colonel Stir Up.

Quick as flash all flapped their arms like wings, and singing, "We'll flee to yon mountain!" flew, and alighted with such a thump, that Jack cried out:

"Just hear the old fellow squeal!"

While Tom exclaimed:

"And the earth was shaken to its foundation."

When Will Stir Up demurely added;

"It's the foundation itself that's doing the shaking this time."

Then came the order: "Be moles, and burrow!"

Each little nose, on each merry face, seemed, as if by magic, to be sharpened to a burrowing point. Then, down dived the heads, out flew the hay, in every direction, till at last one exultant voice cried out:

"I've caught something that kicks!"

While another exclaimed: "And I something that bites!"

While still another: "And I something that scratches!"

And yet another: "And I something that bellows!"

"All on the scent!" commanded Colonel Stir Up.

With a sniff of satisfaction, all made tracks for this kicking, biting, scratching, bellowing animal.

At last they cried: "We've got it, sure!"

"Bring it up!" was the next order.

With much struggling, and more puffing, the strange beast was brought up into the light for inspection, when all exclaimed in innocent surprise:

"Why, if it isn't Mr. Heavy Heels! Didn't you get out of the way, after all, when we called to you?"

"Get out of the way! Do you suppose I've got wings," grumbled Mr. Heavy Heels.

"No!" cried Will, "but if you had, they would be nothing but pin feathers, and go flop-i-ty flop, in a tumble-down fashion. But you did have time, Mr. Heavy Heels."

"I tell you I didn't!" with an angry red blazing out of the words. "It is all very well for you to put on airs of surprise at finding me, but I can see through you just as easy as I can see through the air. I guess if you always and forever felt your head jerked back, by your heels, when you wanted to go on, you'd not have time yourself, Mr. High Jumper. You'd get swallowed, too, by some great whale, just as that mountain swallowed me."

"Not a bit of it," laughed Will, "for I'd be sure to swallow the whale."

At which they all laughed merrily, Mr. Heavy Heels included.

"It's no use," said he, good naturedly, "if I'm a bigger Jonah than Jonah the First, I must expect to be swallowed up, chewed up, and ground into powder, upon all occasions; and, as I am an explosive kind of powder, I must 'go off' every time my heels are the slow match that cause the explosion."

"That's a good enough speech to end this play, so let's away to some other scene of action!" exclaimed Colonel Stir Up. Who says 'I' to a row upon the creek?"

The "I" that responded was such a great, round one, that every tongue in that circle was linked together to form it.

"Heavy Heels, forward march!" ordered the Colonel; and with a majestic wave of his hand, he commanded the rest to follow. Then, falling back of the line, he cried out:

"Give us quick music to march by, Captain Heels."

Actually it seemed as if the honor thus conferred upon him was so felt by Heavy Heels that he was thrilled with a new delight, which went tingling through him, from his head away down to his heels, and caused enough heaviness to drop off to satisfy Will, and he said to himself: "Ho, ho! my fine fellow, you're peeling off pretty well, and in time we'll get you in good running order."

Hardly, however, had this thought been turned over in his mind, before the heaviness began to gather again. Most of "the company" grew impatient, and some one spoke up, saying:

"One would think we were marching to a watery grave."

"Well, I'd rather march to a 'watery grave' than be d-rum-med into an earthen one," said Will.

"Hurrah! hurrah! the 'blue ribbon's' afloat!" cried several voices.

"Let's float, too!" exclaimed Heavy Heels, "for here is the boat."

In a moment more the boat was "manned."

With Will and Jack for oarsmen, the water soon rippled and laughed in merry glee as the boat glided along, light with its freightage of happy-hearted boys.

How the boys enjoyed the row! The little bird of happiness seemed to be singing its sweetest songs, from the highest perch in each manly young breast, for great bursts of melody came up, and floated out upon the fresh air, keeping time to the dip of the oars, and the ripple of the waters.

After indulging in a few "songs of gladness," Jack cried out: "A speech! let's have a speech!"

"Instead of a speech, oh give me a peach, or something to eat, this hunger to beat. Oh say, boys," continued Will, "I'm too ravenously hungry to work my mouth over any kind of metre, but the meat-ah!" smacking his lips, "that makes the music of the dinner bell."

All the rest then began to feel their palates tickled by hunger, and when Colonel Will Stir Up sung out: "Homeward the *swallow-ers* take their way," there was not a face among them but showed an eagerness to go.

Quick, vigorous strokes, emphasized by "Home, Sweet Home," soon brought them to the landing place. Rushing and leaping out, the boat was nearly emptied before it ground against the shore.

"Mr. Heavy Heels, be sprightly!" exclaimed Will, and then giving the final push, he jumped out, expecting Heavy Heels to be safely landed before him; but with the grinding jar of the boat, the slow and easy heels gave an upward bound, while the face went downward into the merry, laughing water, with a dumpity-dump, landing softly on a pillow of mud, while the heels gave vent to the wrath of the head, in spiteful kicks; then it was their turn to change the lofty position for a lowly one, and so down they went with a splash.

Immediately thereupon, crawling out like a great big mud turtle, Heavy Heels snapped out at his companions:

"You're pretty ones to stand there grinning like so many wild monkeys."

"Why!" cried Jack, "I've just been giving your heels a credit mark for flying faster than your head. I never knew them to be so active before, but you funny old mud turtle, how did you enjoy 'life beneath the wave?'"

"He felt in a *crab-bed* condition, I bet," laughed Will.

"That dark complexion isn't becoming to your style of beauty. I'd apply 'a wash' if I were you," exclaimed Freddie.

"You little black rascal," retorted Heavy Heels, "don't you wish a wash could whiten your ugly skin?"

"No!" exclaimed Freddie, with spirit, "it is just a sample of my mother's skin, and I'm proud to carry it with me everywhere."

At the mention of the word "mother," Heavy Heels' blue eyes filled with a tender light, while he turned quickly, stooped down, and scrubbed the mud off of his pretty white face, and out of his beautiful golden hair, exclaiming:

"Why, boys, I'm having a time getting all the way down to me."

At last, with a satisfied "there!" he looked up, and said: "*Now* is it a mud turtle?"

"No, a turtle-dove," replied Will.

"Suppose we go home this minute, or the emptiness within me, will burn a big hole, fed by starvation's fire," declared Jack.

"Let's be on the trot, then!" exclaimed Will. "But where's Heavy Heels? It cannot be possible that he has got the start of us!"

"Yes, it just is," answered Freddie, "for I saw him snailing towards home three minutes ago."

"Form into line, then," ordered the Colonel, "and be ready for an attack upon the vegetable and animal kingdoms, awaiting your grinding forces."

The line was formed, but it soon became entangled up into a knot of mischief-plotting boys, becoming entangled as they became more interested in the "jolly idea" that a moment before had popped out of Colonel Stir Up's wide-awake head, and hit the other heads with such force as to bring them close together.

Such whispers as: "Won't he dance," "Won't the fussing wake him?" "No, sleeps like a trooper!" "Won't it be a thrilling scene!" "Remember, at three o'clock, sharp," mysteriously floated into the air, and crept into each listening ear.

Then the knot broke into every direction, and soon each bright, eager face was shining above its respective dinner plate, while the "grinders" came down with a hearty little snap, snapping away the hunger in a determined, business-like way.

"Remember, at three o'clock, sharp," kept up a "remember me" tick in each of those heads, so that about five minutes before the time appointed, a quiet group of boys were lying under the big oak trees, which stretched their arms out majestically and protectingly over the pleasant home of the Burton boys, on the grounds of which they raised their lofty heads.

All the boys seemed to be anxiously looking for the coming of some one else. At last a satisfied murmur escaped them, as they saw Colonel Stir Up approaching, carrying a mysterious looking box.

"This is rather risky business, boys," he began, "for my doctor father may be returning from his interesting patient, before we've finished with this action produces, but I guess we are safe, as mother says it is a very bad case and may keep him away several hours. I'll turn the battery on good and strong.

My! how it makes a fellow feel! I've seen father give folks such a touch of it, that it seemed to fill them with a strange emotion; and once I cried out, when he was dosing some one: "If you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now!" I got doctored for that, of course. Is Mr. Heavy Heels sound asleep, Jack?"

"Sounder than dead cats," declared Jack.

Taking off boots, so as not to disturb his slumbers, they softly crept into the house, upstairs, and into Heavy Heel's cosy little study, where they found him lying upon the lounge, fast asleep, and puffing out a snore with every breath. The poor little heavy heels were tucked away in a pair of pretty, embroidered slippers that his mother had worked for him.

The boys looked down upon their victim, each grinning his satisfaction, while Colonel Stir Up, whispering: "It is our duty to *heal* him," quietly placed the galvanic battery at the foot of the lounge, and taking out his pen-knife, motioned Jack to pull the back of Heavy Heel's stockings outward, while he cut a slit in each, in which to adjust the poles, the negative being already connected with the battery. This done, the poles securely fastened against each of the aggravating heels, the boys, except Colonel Stir Up, top-toed into the closet to await the fun.

Cautiously creeping under the lounge, and giving vent to a chuckle, Will drew the box under after him, and attaching the position pole also, began to push the rod in that was to send the electricity on its "shocking" expedition.

Suddenly the snoring ceased, and in its stead a succession of yells came pouring out, rising up to the ceiling, dumping and thumping against the air with such force that the boys almost felt as if their heads were in danger of being cracked and broken into bits by the lashing yells that struck them.

And the heels! How they kicked and squirmed, and broke into frenzied motion! All the pent-up action of years seemed to have broken away from the bonds that had held it, and was now making up for lost time.

Mr. Heavy Heels seemed to think some invisible demon had got possession of him, for he threw his arms out wildly, with every finger bent claw-like, as if trying to tear something in the air into shreds, while he cried out in agonizing tones:

"Take him off! Take him off! Take him off!"

Scrambling out to see how he looked under the operation, Colonel Stir Up was met by an out-going heel, which came with a great thump down upon his back, and sent him sprawling upon the floor. At the same time one of the wires snapped, and, lo! the demon had fled.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WINTER FLOWERS IN FRANCE.

The business of raising roses in winter in France is carried on sometimes by selling them in pots and sometimes as cut flowers. In the former case the potted plants are kept in beds in the garden, and then at the right time they are placed in the hot-bed frames. When the buds begin to open the boxes are surrounded with fermenting compost, that is stirred up once a fortnight. Precisely forty days are necessary before the buds become sufficiently full for market. The trees which furnish the roses to be cut are planted in rich earth and in greenhouses. They are kept close to the glass and heated with hot water. Light and ventilation are no less indispensable that heat for both the perfection of their forms and the brilliancy of their colors. These roses are chosen from the most varied kinds. They are the *Rose du Roi*, with flowers of a bright red; the Queen of the Isles, of a carnation color; Jules Margottin, of a bright cherry color; Madame Boll, a brilliant pink, and a certain number of tea roses. They flourish throughout the entire winter and the flowers are cut almost daily. The lily of the valley in full flower is a German importation, which for the last ten years has been acclimated at Paris. There is no more graceful ornament for a parlor than this cluster of satin-like leaves, from which emerge hundreds of little rose-colored stalks, with their bunches of little bells of so pure a white and so beautiful a perfume. The principal place for the production of these lilies is near Beaumont-sur-Oise, in the greenhouses of Persan, an establishment recently founded, but which can compare with the great nurseries for the cultivation of ornamental shrubs and flowers, of which Holland had a specialty up to the present. The forcing of lilies of the valley is carried on there upon a vast scale. Strange to say, Nice, the garden of flowers, monopolizes almost as many lilies of the valley as Paris. It is true that they come from the South in pots, but they return there again, after a long voyage, in the form of bouquets encased in violets.

* * *

RETRIBUTION.—Two Germans came to New York, and one, well acquainted with the city, invited his friend to Delmonico's, where a dinner for two and a bottle of wine was ordered. The place and fare were praised until the bill of $11 was presented. This they considered an extortion. They paid, however, and while walking down Broadway the excited German commenced to swear at the supposed extortion. His friend then said: "Do not shwear, Yawcob. It is wicked to shwear. God has punished dot man Delmonico." "How?" "I have mine pocket full mit spoons."

* * *

TURKISH CHILDREN.—No Turkish child is allowed to know just how old he is, for fear that astrologers will make bad use of the knowledge. Hence the recruiting officers determine the age of youthful volunteers for themselves. They measure the youths neck with a string. If the circumference is more than the length of his face, he is deemed old enough for the army. If, however, the circumference is less than the length of the face, the boy is considered to be too young for campaigning.

* * *

THE irresolute never prosecute their views so long as they have any excuse left for delaying.

—Paris eats half a million of good fat snails every month.

—Berlin is to have a hospital at which the only physicians will be women.

—Colorado, which has a great future in wool production is opposed to the reduction of the tariff on foreign fleeces and fabrics.

This year being the one hundredth since the introduction of Catholicism into Boston, some suitable commemoration is proposed.

—There are 46,000,000 acres in England, and 32,000,000 inhabitants, and only forty per cent. of these are fed with British food. The sixty per cent. would be without their bread, and a good deal of their meat, butter, and cheese, but for foreign imports.

* * *

—Boys were bound to learn trades formerly, but now-a-days they don't seem to care whether they do or not.

* * *

Tortures that Need Not be Endured.
People suffer a great deal of pain unnecessarily. Among tortures that need not be endured are those inflicted by the rheumatism and gout, since the acrid element in the blood, which produces them by contact with the sensitive covering of the muscles and joints may be eliminated by the use of that matchless depurent, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, before the inflammatory symptoms are developed to any great extent. When it is considered what excruciating tortures rheumatism inflicts, and what a tendency it has, when fully developed, to attack the heart, the advisability of an early use of such a reliable antidote becomes at once apparent. The rheumatic virus is expelled from the blood by the increased action of the kidneys, which act as strainers, produced by the Bitters, and the sufferer will find, if he uses this supreme defensive agent, that he will be protected against a return of the agonizing complaint. Dyspepsia, fever and ague, liver and bowel complaints, and other maladies, are also cured by this admirable remedy.

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GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

BY J. STIRLING.

She has gone from the shore,
She is lost to the sea;
I shall see her no more,
Who was Heaven to me!

By the lakes of the west
Where storms toss the wave,
The one I love best
Rests alone in her grave.

Then let the winds mourn,
On the lake and the ocean,
For a heart that's forlorn,
In its wasted devotion.

"IN THE LIVING PRESENT."

Glows and sparkles our Life-wine red
In the glad promise of Youth's bright noon—
Fair are the pictures our fancies spread,
Sweet are the whispers of Hope; but soon
The wine is drunken, the tale is told—
Life lasts but for a day,
And, as the gay knight sang of old,
"We love but while we may."

Drink we then of the wine of Youth;
See, from the depths of the golden cup
Hope and Happiness, Love and Truth,
Fame and Fortune rise sparkling up!
Send round the goblet—pledge we deep—
Sing with glad hearts to-day;
Though in the years to come we weep,
We'll laugh the while we may.

PHANTOMS,

OR A NIGHT MYSTERY.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

IX.

Miranda was not a woman to yield to adverse circumstances. She was only stimulated by such disasters as would have wrecked weaker souls.

Esther, notwithstanding the excitement and noise, the running up and down stairs, and the barking of the dog, had succumbed to sleep. Well it was that she had given way under intense fatigue and depression, and now lay locked in restorative slumber, else she would have gone mad.

But Miranda seemed eager to confront all the terrors and fight them face to face, to look at the riddle fairly and solve it as a matter of fact question, and not as a visitation of transcendental things, hard to be grasped at and easily eluded. She had grown brave and strong in this terrible hour of suspense, and felt that she must win the desperate battle between all she loved on the one side, and the powers of darkness on the other.

When the lamp fell she picked it up and hurried upstairs as fast as she could. She was thinking how she would relight it. There were matches in the sitting-room and dining-room, but she could not reach them now.

"The watchman has a light," she said to herself, as she ran up the short flight of steps near the stair-landing, and pushed her way towards the front bedroom.

It was Roop's voice she had heard crying, "Look out, there it goes!" and now there was quite a commotion in the room, a noise of tongues and clatter of feet, but Miranda became very much alarmed when she found that utter darkness was upon this region of the house also.

Then she heard somebody call out:

"Something slung a piller at the candle and put it out!"

She was staggered.

"What is this? Henry! Mr. Roop! Where are you?"

"Here," cried Henry excitedly; "but go down again! go down! This is no place for you!" and he caught her hand and held it clasped in his own.

"Where's Esther?" he inquired.

"Down stairs, fast asleep!"

"Asleep? Thank God! but the barking of the dog will awaken her!"

"What have you seen; tell me?" she demanded almost ferociously.

Henry answered in a low tone:

"It was the same dreadful thing I saw downstairs in the dining-room! It flung a pillow at us!"

"There it is!" cried the policeman, suddenly. "Hark! it's in the closet; run for it; whoop!"

Tinkle uttered a yell and dashed across the room, followed by the watchman.

Crack! went a revolver.

The policeman had fired at something.

"Stop!" screamed Miranda. "Stop this! Let us have a light here instantly!"

Miranda had become leader.

Her commanding voice restored order. She went up to the bureau and opening a drawer took from it a tiny match-safe, struck a match, and lighting her lamp said:

"Mr. Roop, here light your candle and let us to work!"

The watchman obeyed.

"Let us look at that pillow on the floor. What a smudge of black it has. The hand that held it was not overclean," she threw the pillow down and took a turn about the room. She opened the closet and threw the light into its interior.

"Nothing here that I can see. Yes, a bullet hole in the door, and nobody hurt. Now, where's the monster? Let us have a council of war. Examine the entire house and see what we can do. This room seems all right."

"Into the back room then," said Henry.

They opened the communicating door between the rooms, and passed into the back bedroom.

It was a magnificently furnished apartment, hung with curtains of deep narrow velvet, and comfortable enough for royalty.

"We must have some system here," said Miranda, "or we shall never discover anything to-night. Here, Henry, take this lamp and you and Mr. Tinkle go down stairs. Mr. Roop and I will look around here and then go into the upper stories. If you discover anything let me know, Mr. Tinkle can whistle. If we discover anything, Mr. Roop will whistle. Are you agreed?"

"No, no, my dear Miranda; leave you? no, no!"

"Tush! nonsense! We have work before us. For my sake, please, Henry, go. Besides your arm is so bad. Is it better?"

"Entirely well, I think, thank you."

Henry, even as he said this, winced with pain. He resumed:

"But now for my sake, Miranda, do not go. You are as weary as Esther, and you need sleep. Stay here, lock the door securely and——"

She laid her hand on his arm gently and smilingly interrupted him with:

"Now go! I'm general commander-in-chief, you know. Go!"

Then turning to the watchman she said:

"Mr. Roop, you escort me."

"Yes, miss, with the greatest of pleasure."

"And we will report when we meet again. Good luck to both expeditions."

"God bless you, Miranda," said Henry, clasping her hand fervently. "May your adventure be happy. *Bon voyage!*"

Henry took the lamp and said to the policeman, who was waiting deferentially at the door:

"Mr. Tinkle, are you sure nobody could get out of the house without being caught?"

"Yes, sir; Buller's goin' to join us; and Snapfelder's off his beat. We want to keep this thing amongst us, you know, sir. And Nosey Taylor's out back, watchin' fur somethin', sir."

Miranda was an attentive listener to all this. She said:

"Then, as I understand affairs, there are two policemen watching the front of the house and one back; is that so?"

"Yes, miss!"

"How came they to know of this? In fact, how came you to be here with your dog?"

"I'll explain," said Roop. "You see, miss, when I sees the feller jump the fence, I gives a signal and fetches up Mart Tinkle here and Teeth, from his beat. So I tells Mart to watch front till I whistles. Then Mart, he signals Snapfelder and Buller off the other beat up the street. Well, then Mart watches the front and sees nobody go out and he waits a good while, and I waits listenin' for his whistle, when I thinks I'll over and see for myself. So I whistles, and Mart come round with his dog, and I climbs the fence and lets Mart and Teeth in, and then we comes on the gentleman here, what was such a game gentleman, sir, and—that's all."

"How came Taylor there?"

"Oh! why he come up after I had jumped over. He heard the whistle on his beat, off yonder on Plymouth street, and his beat being off, why he said he'd take a look and watch fur whatever come up. Nosey's a good feller, if he is a dashed ugly one!"

"Such being the case," said Miranda, "I order you and Henry downstairs to make such conference with the allied powers as will be expedient."

"Thanks, your majesty!" said Henry, bowing grandly. "I am sure we will soon vanquish our enemy."

"Farewell."

"Farewell, Henry."

Miranda went to the window and pulling the heavy curtain aside, looked out.

"Why, I declare, it has stopped raining."

"Yes, miss," said the watchman; "it's biting cold though; it's gettin' colder and colder."

"Well, let us go on," said Miranda, and they proceeded to examine that room and the front room again, very carefully.

In the meantime, Henry and the policeman went downstairs.

It seemed but a wearisome repetition of the same old story, the same fruitless hunting in the same corners and closets, the same jogging up and down stairs in search of the demon that vexed them.

Whether body or spirit, whether substantial or ethereal, the power, whatsoever it was, continued to evade them always, and seemed now to be no nearer their grasp than heretofore. When was it to end? That was indeed the serious question of the moment to all of them.

The isolated situation of the Clayborne mansion was of itself an alarming circumstance at this epoch. A broad lot and garden separated the house from its neighbors on the east and on the west; the house on the west was unoccupied and had been to rent for many weeks; across the way was a dreary common and brick-yard; so that there was no immediate succor to be depended upon from the neighbors.

Henry whispered to the policeman on their way downstairs:

"Step lightly, make no noise, please. My sister is asleep down there. And try to quiet that dog. It is whining dreadfully."

In fact the mastiff, as soon as he caught sight of his master, left off growling and leaped towards him.

"Good dog. Teeth! Good dog!" said Mart, as he snapped his fingers at the dog. He did not, however, take the liberty of touching the animal.

"Poor darling," said Henry, as he glanced at his sleeping sister, who was now reclining comfortably enough in the huge cushioned arm-chair. "Would I could restore your lover to you. Louis!—yes, Louis! The thought sets me crazy. Where can he be?"

Then he said to the policeman:

"How about that body there in the pantry? Do you think it was murder?"

"I can't tell sir, indeed," answered Tinkle, "but I fancy so, it looks like it."

The thought flashed across Henry's mind that Louis may have shot this man in self-defence. If so, where was Mr. Schaff now? Henry did not identify the corpse.

"We mustn't let that thing stay there," he said to the policeman. "You see we only removed it from the sight of the ladies, and we must now get rid of it, or put it somewhere till the mystery is cleared up; then we can' get it away. Where can we put it?"

"I don't know, sir, except in the garden. The garden's handy, sir; there's a shed in the garden."

"That is so," replied Henry, "but I dislike touching the horrible thing. Besides my arm pains me so I cannot. You go over there and give a lift."

"No, sir! no, sir! I couldn't."

"Why not? Are you afraid?"

"Yes, sir. If you please I'd rather not. When the watchman comes down he'll take it out. He put it in and he'll see to shoving it off somewheres. But not I—oh! no, sir!"

"I can hardly blame you, Mr. Tinkle. For I think myself it's not a pleasant job!"

Henry walked over to the passage way and held up the candle so as to cast a bright stream of light over that part of the hallway.

"There's a nasty stain of blood there, Tinkle," he said, with a perceptible shiver. "I see it!"

"You see, I wouldn't for the world have the ladies see the body, or even hear of it. It would kill them. We must get it out of the house some way or other. The other policeman's outside now, isn't he?"

"Snapfelder? Yes, sir!"

"Go to the front door and tell him to come in and help us."

"Yes, sir." The policeman made a move to obey the command.

"Stop," said Henry, with a fearful pallor on his face. "Didn't you hear a noise in the pantry just then?"

"No, sir."

"Listen then. I am sure I heard a groan or something like it."

The policeman trembled with a sudden ague as he stammered forth:

"Yes, sir! God! It's a groan, and it's in the closet."

"Don't make a noise, Tinkle," said Henry, seeing that the affrighted Tinkle was about to call out. He caught him by the arm and said, "Run to Snapfelder and fetch him in, and let's see what's the matter, quick!"

The policeman was off in an instant.

The pantry was a species of large closet running under the stairs, and was used as general repository of odds and ends, brooms and brushes, pots of preserves, wine bottles, and lumber, which was of use or might be of use in the downstairs household economy. It was a space nearly seven feet square in superficies but of a triangular shape, owing to the angle of the stairs which formed its ceiling.

Tinkle came back with Snapfelder, a broad chested, sturdy fellow, who came up the entry with a broad grin on his face, as if he expected to see some fun.

"There's a dead body we found here," said Henry, "and we put it in the pantry there, so as to prevent the ladies seeing it. We want to get rid of it as soon as we can. Can't you take it out into the garden? Try, my good fellow. Nobody shall go unrewarded who helps us to-night."

"What is it? A murder case, eh?" queried Snapfelder, his grin changing to a look of mingled alarm and distrust.

"Perhaps! Do your duty. Get the body out and away with it. Double-quick too, before the ladies come."

Snapfelder walked over to the pantry as boldly as a soldier, and flung the door open.

Henry and Tinkle both followed him and glanced in to the pantry, when Tinkle ran screaming down the entry, crying:

"It's alive! It's alive! My God! My God!" and this set the dog whining and growling like Cerberus at the gate of Hades.

Henry, nearly overcome with terror, staggered back against the wall, staring into the depth of the closet, like in a delerium.

He moaned hoarsely: "It's alive! "In truth, it's alive!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PRECIOUS STONES.

Precious stones are now as highly esteemed as ever for their beauty, but the awe in which they were once held for the qualities that superstition attached to them has long been a tale of the past. Besides the superstitious notions that were once prevalent, those habits of association which even now are not quite dead must not be forgotten. Pope Innocent III. sent four rings to King John of England, each of which contained a different colored stone, viz., the emerald, the sapphire, the garnet, and the topaz, as emblematical of the cardinal virtues—faith, hope, charity, and good works—much neglected by the English sovereign. Twelve has been a favorite number for the arrangement of precious stones, apparently in connection with the twelve stones on the breast-plate of the Jewish high-priest. Thus, certain stones are appropriated to the twelve apostles, and others, again, to the twelve months. The practice of adopting the stone of the wearer's birth-month in a ring still exists among the Germans.

Gems and precious stones have been offered to the gods from the earliest times, and these valuable objects were to be seen in the ancient temples, arranged with the greatest profusion. The contents of the treasury of the Parthenon are enumerated in Boeckh's Inscriptions, but the Greek temples seem poor when compared with the shrines of imperial Rome. These articles of jewelry were not always safe from the depredations of covetous hands; and Zosimus ascribes the tragic death of Serena, the widow of the great general Stilicho, who was strangled by order of the wretched Honorius, to the vengeance of goddess Vesta, whose statue she had robbed of a valuable necklace of precious stones. This practice of devoting gems to the adornment of shrines was continued by the Roman Catholic Church. The shrine of Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey, constructed by Henry III., was rich in the possession of cameos, one of which was valued in that day at the enormous sum of $200. The shrine of Loretto was excessively rich, and that of our Lady at Walsingham almost rivalled it in the abundance of its treasures; but two of the most magnificent collections were preserved at the shrine of the Three Kings of Cologne, and in the Abbey of St. Denis. However sacred these sanctuaries might be held, their keepers had need to be upon their guard, in order to save the jewels from passing into dishonest hands. One of the monks or canons attached to a religious house was usually the shrine-keeper. It was his duty to watch night and day, and a watching chamber was constructed for him near the shrine. On extraordinary occasions the Canterbury shrine was guarded by a troop of fierce dogs, and Dalmatian dogs were till lately the shrine-keepers at the Church of St. Anthony at Padua. Valery tells the story of a servant who, absorbed in prayer before the shrine, did not observe the closing of the church doors. He was, however, brought back to recollection by two dogs, who placed themselves one on either side of him and would not allow him to stir till morning. One case is recorded of an apparent worshiper who, seeming to kiss the jewels on a certain shrine, managed to detain some and carry them off in her mouth. In a large number of instances, however, the guardians of the shrines have taken the precaution to substitute paste for the true stones, and the blaze of jewels that worshipers look at with wondering eyes is due merely to glass.

EVIL SPIRITS AMONG THE MALAYS.

A curious custom among the Malays in cases of dangerous illness, which are attributed to the influence of evil spirits, is mentioned in the *Medical History of the Laroot Field Force*, by Surgeon-Major Davie, of the English Buffs, printed in the appendix to the British Army Medical Department report for 1876. The Malays imagine that, if they can remove the evil spirits they are all right; so, with this object, they construct a miniature prahu, or war boat, of wood, complete in every way, with mast, rigging, black flag, paddles and rudder. The boat is filled with various articles, a bag of rice at the stern, and a lamp made out of a cockle-shell at the prow; the body of the boat is stuffed with cups made of leaves, containing liquors of various sorts, entrails of fowls, sweetmeats of all kinds, tobacco, flowers, and copper coins. The boat is supported by a slender square bamboo platform, surrounded with pendent grass, to the ends of which are tied all sorts of eatables, and at the corners the legs and wings of a chicken. About eighteen inches below the boat are figures of turtles, crocodiles and lizards, made of rice, resting on a plantain leaf, the whole being supported by four straight branches about seven feet high, (the top leaves forming a canopy), stuck into a raft made of plantain trees. Slips of bamboo are stuck round the raft, with partially-burned red rags tied to them. This raft is set afloat, and it is supposed that the evil spirits, enticed away by the food in the boat, leave the patient and attach themselves to the boat. Should any Malay, by accident or otherwise, touch this raft after it has been set afloat, he or she becomes afflicted with the disease from which the person for whose benefit the raft was set adrift, suffered.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

The new importations for spring which are rapidly coming in day after day, will soon take the places now filled by the familiar array of winter materials which have held their sway so long, but vanishing from the scene, how soon they will be forgotten 'midst the absorbing pleasure of greeting the new comers. The first glimpse of the new material always kindles our desire for more, so suggestive are they of a return of bright sunny days filled with fragrance and blossom, and so happy are such suggestions, so charming is the variety of material which belong to such days. I think the spirit of longing, created by this first glimpse of spring materials, is unanimous with our sex.

As February and March are months of busy preparation with nimble fingers and home work, many dresses can be made at this time suitable for early spring. Percales and cambrics are largely purchased at present and made up in advance of the season; old dresses are inspected and renovations and calculations are made—all of which prepare one for the coming changes in dress.

The question of the coming styles is interesting to all, so it would be well to compare the various indications which present themselves, as promising something fresh and new, as well as desirable.

While many of the new models are made in the Princesse shape, the materials are thick, while those which are by their material indicative of spring and summer wear, have a separate waist and overskirt to match, or else the trimming simulates the overskirt.

One strong indication of a change is a return of a slight fullness in the back in the form of pleats and gathers, which is a decided contrast to the flat, clinging appearance of the fashion of the present and past, and with a return of fullness in the skirt we are to have a slight bustle, but whether these indications of a change will become substantially introduced and adopted, we must wait for awhile, until Dame Fashion has made her spring debut and established permanent rules for the season. We have had close clinging garments so long that if a change is made it must be of an opposite character, for "extremes meet" when fashions change, if they never met before.

The short costume for walking is undoubtedly firmly established, and is made short enough to preclude the necessity of holding up the skirt—this will probably influence the length of the skirts of costumes of percale cambric and such materials as are used for everyday wear in spring and summer, the train being reserved for the dressy costume and special house dress. This short costume was found so comfortable and well-adapted for walking, relieving one from the burden of a close clinging train, it has found too many advocates to be only a "passing fashion," but asserts itself as one of the popular new styles, which will increase rather than lose favor. A very pretty model of this style made recently, I am sure will be found quite desirable for a young girl. The material is dark prune cashmere, the skirt is kilted all the way down the back and to the knee in front; a wide scarf of the cashmere is faced with pale blue damasse, and is draped across the front to conceal the untrimmed part of the skirt and lies loosely in the back. The bodice buttons in the back and is pleated in a square yoke piped with blue, blue cuffs trim the sleeves.

Mantelets of every shape will be worn to match the material of the dress. The shawl fichu so popular last summer, will be equally so this season, a slight change will be visible in the bottom of the back which will be cut square instead of pointed. The variety of fly fringes in wool, tiny balls of wool strung on a silk mesh, will be popular as a trimming on wool materials, made to match the shade of the dress. For later spring and summer wear, very stylish mantelets are made of coarse, black net covered with narrow quillings of black lace, with wider ones on the edge, lace embroidered in colored or black; jet will also be effectively used for these mantles. From these indications on the subject of mantles, we can easily infer that the mantle will be an inseparable part of the spring costume.

In addition to fringes as a trimming, narrow folds will be largely used the same shade of the dress or some pleasing contrast. A narrow bias band of one color has a narrower fold through the centre of a different color or shade. Pleatings are always popular, and seem to retain that popularity in the face of all changes in trimming.

All the new materials present the same rough surface, formed of four or five bright-colored threads woven on a plain ground, of a lighter shade than that which marked the winter materials.

Among the few models which have appeared and may be accepted as a guide for the spring, are the following:

A costume of spring bourette, had a silk underskirt, which was edged by a narrow silk pleating, with a wide band of the bourette above. The overdress was cut with a plain princesse back, the drapery caught near the bottom by a large silk bow; the front was a cuirasse basque, the sides extending down to the top of the skirt trimming. The front sides of these lengths were cut in squares piped with the silk and buttoned down on a full drapery or front of the bourette. Silk sleeves and wide collar completed the dress.

Another very stylish model will recommend itself for being very simple and suitable for some spring material of wool. The skirt has two narrow pleatings headed by a bias band of silk piped with a contrasting color. The overskirt is piped with two colors, taking the colors from those which predominate in the bourette. It is draped full across the front. A silk vest to correspond with the shade of the dress is cut on the bottom edge in points piped to match the pipings on the dress. A tight fitting basque is worn over this, buttoned by three buttons only, so as to show the vest revers collar and cuffs of the silk, with double pipings of silk, which also trims the edge of the basque.

In giving these models I must not omit one which was particularly attractive for a house dress. The material was olive green cashmere, plain Princesse form, the back hanging unlooped. Each side of the front was cut in square tabs, and piped with pale blue silk, each tab buttoned down on a blue silk plastron, pleated from the neck to the feet. The bottom of the back and sides was cut in similar squares, which extended up the sides as far as the pockets. These tabs were piped with blue, and fell over a pleated ruffle of the cashmere. In using any of these models, other colors can be used, as well as different materials, and yet retain the stylish effect of the model.

The new straw bonnets will be not only of a variety of plain neutral tints, emanating from the browns and grays, but a variety of brighter colors, while the deep yellow twilled Tuscans so much in vogue last summer, will again be candidates for popularity. Among the novelties of bonnet trimmings are gold and silver ribbon in narrow widths, which are used in bows formed of many loops. A narrow brocaded ribbon in delicate tints, and fringed on the edges, will also be among the spring bonnet trimmings. Floral garnitures will represent as usual every variety of flower, foliage and grass.

The new collars and cuffs are embroidered in colors, either two or three, or but one. These are made to correspond with the colored embroidered bands which will be so popular for trimming summer dresses of wash materials.

Our Fireside Chat.

Owing to the many claims on our columns quite a number of answers to previous queries, were omitted in our last, which will be given this week.

Crochet Shoes for Invalids.—I am now glad to contribute something to the many interesting feature of the Fireside Chat, and send Martha the following, which will be found a pretty stitch for crochet shoes, and not so common as the plain ones: Use a No. 8 needle, and double Berlin or fleecy wool of two colors, gray and white. Commence with the grey, and make a chain of 14, work back 13 DC. on it, 2 Ch., turn, join the white wool, but continue to work the grey. Insert the needle in the next stitch, draw the wool through, put the wool round the needle, draw the wool through the same stitch again. Work the next stitch with white wool in the same manner, just twist the grey wool over the white before taking up the stitch, the third stitch grey, the fourth white, and so on alternately to the end of the row; take up the last stitch plain, then work back 1 Ch., using the same wool as the last stitch; then draw the wool through that loop and the next whole stitch on the needle, take the other colored wool, and draw through the last single loop and the next whole stitch on the needle; proceed in this manner, reversing the wool according to the stitch to the end of the row, where work 1 plain.—Second row. Increase by making a stitch on the Ch. between the last thick stitch and the edge; then work a row as the last, taking up the chain at the top of each thick stitch; over the grey stitch of last row work a white in this row, and so on. At the end of the row increase by making a thick stitch between the two end ones; work back as before. Work in this manner, increasing every row on each side until you have a piece deep enough for the foot; then work 12 stitches only on the right hand side of the work, and continue to work this until long enough to go round the foot, join them to the other side of the foot. A crotchet or a fleecy sole may be added to the shoe; a piece of swansdown sewn round the top makes a warm and pretty finish.—*Constant Knitter.*

Doing up Collars and Cuffs with a Polish.—Has Housewife ever tried these directions: Wash them well and boil, if necessary, to make them a good color. When dry, starch first with hot starch to which a little dissolved borax or clear prepared gum has been added, and then when dry again (if wanted very stiff) with starch mixed with cold water. Press the starch well into them, squeezing them thoroughly to get them well saturated with it, and then roll them up in a cloth. Keep them damp for an hour or so. Stretch out the ironing blanket quite smoothly; on it lay a soft linen cloth; put the collars and cuffs to be ironed smoothly on, and rub them over with an old piece of linen; then iron, with a very hot, well-polished iron, on both sides, pressing them as much as possible, and afterwards (damping them first very slightly) with a polishing iron—if one is obtainable—to obtain a good glaze; then let them air until quite dry before the fire.—*Housekeeper.*

To Make Cloth Waterproof.—Having seen Farmer's Wife's request for directions to make Scotch tweed waterproof, and no answer having yet appeared, the following recipe may be relied on, as I had some very common tweed, and, after undergoing the process, some water remained on it all night and not a drop soaked through. It was done before the material was cut, which was a double benefit, as it shrunk it as well, before making; and when nearly dry I had it mangled, and it looked as if just out of the shop. In a bucket of soft water put half a pound of sugar of lead, and half a pound of powdered alum; stir this at intervals until it becomes clear, then pour it off into another bucket, and put the garment therein, and let it be in for twenty-four hours, and then hang it up to dry without wringing it.—*Constant Reader.*

Ornamenting a Wall Basket.—I will describe mine for the benefit of Laurestinus, and hope she will like it. I cut out a prettily-shaped lambrequin pattern, forming three points, and made it up with alternate stripes of black velvet and ticking each stripe two inches wide, pointing the end of each stripe. I worked the ticking in fancy stitches with colored silks, and sewed each strip together with feather stitch on the velvet side. I added little tassels to each point, and the whole effect was very rich and bright.—*Jennie C.*

Maccaroni.—A German way of preparing maccaroni, or the coarser kind of vermicelli, as a savory dish, and one not often met with in America, is as follows:

Maccaroni a l'Huile.—Let as much maccaroni as you may require stew till perfectly tender, in as much new milk as it will absorb, adding pepper and salt to taste; when perfectly tender, drain the maccaroni, and put it into a lined stewpan, with a little very good salad oil, and two or three tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese; let all simmer for a few minutes on the fire, carefully stirring the while, and then serve on a very hot dish, with a border of finely-grated tongue or ham. Care should be taken to use very little salad oil, else the dish would be too rich for American palates; indeed, fresh butter may with advantage be substituted.—*Good Cook.*

Cheese Cakes.—I send with great pleasure to Good Eating two very good recipes for making these, and hope they will prove as good as all the other receipts given in the Fireside Chat, which has proved very instructive to me.—*Mrs. F. B. G.*

Tartelette au Parmesan.—Take the yolks of two very fresh eggs, three dessertspoonfuls of cream, a little cayenne pepper, two dessertspoonfuls of finely grated Parmesan cheese, a little salt; beat these ingredients into a smooth paste. Make some tartlets of puff paste, fill them with the above mixture, and bake in the oven till of a light gold color.

D'Artois au Parmesan.—Take three eggs, weigh them in their shells and allow the weight of one in grated Parmesan cheese, a piece of butter half the weight of the cheese, a little salt and cayenne pepper to taste; thoroughly incorporate all together by well beating with a wooden spoon in a basin; spread this mixture on a piece of puff paste, lay another on it, egg it over with a brush, cut into squares, and bake in a moderately quick oven till of a pale brown color. Serve piled high on a napkin.

Apple Charlotte.—I don't know whether "Sweet Tooth" will find my recipe good enough, but it is an old one and considered good. Cut from a household loaf a number of slices of uniform thickness (quarter to three-eighths of an inch); butter a pie dish and all the slices of bread; line the pie dish with the slices of bread; fill it up with layers of apples cut up very small, placing between each layer a little apricot jam, some grated lemon rind and plenty of brown sugar. Cover the dish up with slices of bread buttered as above, and bake it until the bread is well browned.—*Home Worker.*

Potato Souffles or Balloons.—I am very much pleased to add my mite to the list of good things discussed in the Fireside Chat, which has been a valuable guide to me in many things. This recipe is the same as they used at the Trois Freres restaurant at the Centennial, and will no doubt recall them to many of your readers. Take some large potatoes, peel them, and cut in slices rather less than one-quarter of an inch thick, dry them thoroughly with a cloth, and put them in the frying basket. Have ready two pans filled with boiling lard, plunge the basket in one of them and keep shaking it; in two or three minutes lift up the basket and plunge it into the other pan; when the slices of potato swell out, drain them of all fat, and serve. The secret of success consists in removing the basket from the first pan of fat at the right time. The potatoes should not be allowed to color in it.—*Kitty Kat.*

Moravian, Bethlehem, writes: "In your valuable paper of the 2d I find, in column of Fireside Chat, an inquiry from "E. M. B.," of Beaver Meadow, as to recipes for Moravian cake, Christmas cakes, or ginger snaps. I herewith take pleasure in furnishing the same.

Moravian Sugar Cake.—One pint of sweet milk, one cup of butter, two eggs, two cups of sugar, about one cup or more of yeast, flour to make a soft dough. Let it rise until light, and then spread on flat tins. When risen sufficiently, put small pieces of butter on the top, at equal distances, and then cover with sugar and a little cinnamon.

Christmas Cakes.—One quart N. O. Molasses, one pound butter, one pound sugar, four pounds flour, one-eighth cup orange peel, two and a half ounces of cinnamon, one-quarter cup cloves and ginger.

I will avail myself of this opportunity to say that my mother, who will celebrate her golden wedding next year, has taken the SATURDAY EVENING POST ever since she was married, and hence has been a subscriber for almost fifty years, and looks upon the paper as an old and valued friend."

I shall not ask for anything to cook, but would like so much to know of something which will remove freckles.—*Schoolgirl.*

I am going to have a tea party, and having read in the Fireside Chat so many nice answers to questions, won't you tell me in your column how to make sugar kisses?—*Lillie Pug.*

Has any one ever heard of "apple surprise?" If so, will they send me the recipe?—*West Penn.*

Can any of your readers give me a good recipe for breakfast rolls?—*Young Beginner.*

ANSWERS TO ALL INQUIRERS

PIANO, (Crockett, Tenn.)—It would be very difficult indeed to teach a young lady who has no ear for music to play on the piano.

GEORGIE, (Rutland, Vt.)—We do not give recipes for destroying superfluous hair, as the ingredients used are of a dangerous nature.

J. B. H. (Antrim, O.)—William Cullen Bryant, the poet, is editor of the "New York Evening Post," one of the leading daily papers of that city.

PRIMROSE, (Sebastian, Ark.)—If you desire to become an actress you must put yourself under the tuition of some professional lady who prepares pupils for the stage.

IGNORANT, (San Pete, Utah.)—Euphemia signifies "a sweet speaker;" Effie is the pet name for Euphemia, and has the same meaning; Duncan signifies "brown chief."

M. L., (New Alexandria, Pa.)—The lines you quote are original with Bryant. Shakespeare may have written something similar, but certainly not that identical passage.

WEDDING BELLS, (Catawba, N. C.)—Your writing and spelling are both very bad; the first you may improve by practising with a good copy-book, and the second by studying a good spelling-book.

AMELIA, (Greenwood, Kans.)—As your husband is alive, and you know where he is, you cannot legally marry again; we have no doubt, however, that if you can afford the expense, the circumstances you name in your letter would be sufficient to procure you a divorce.

SCHOLASTICUS, (New York, N. Y.)—Russia exports tallow, flax, flour, iron, linseed, lard, hides, wax, duck, cordage, bristles, furs and potash. Turkey exports opium, silks, drugs, gums, dried fruits, tobacco, wines, camels' hair, carpets, shawls, camlets and morocco.

READER, (Jefferson, Miss.)—When hair grows on the faces of females, it denotes strength of body, and although, by the aid of dangerous recipes, you may burn it off at the roots, it very frequently happens that these remedies produce worse evils than they cure, and for this reason we have always declined to give such recipes.

SYLPH, (Adair, Iowa.)—Chignon is pronounced sheen-yohn. Shrove Tuesday was formerly set apart by the church of Rome as a preparation for the austerities of Lent. After the people had confessed they were permitted to indulge in festive amusements, and hence arose the custom of eating pancakes and fritters on that day.

BENEDICT, (Dinwiddie, Va.)—The periods for the celebration of the "various weddings" are: Five years, wooden wedding; ten years, tin wedding; fifteen years, crystal wedding; twenty years, linen wedding; twenty-five years, silver wedding; fifty years, golden wedding; sixty years, pearl wedding; seventy-five years, diamond wedding.

LA SALLE, (Phila., Pa.)—The late Pope Pius the Ninth, who was a member of a noble family and whose name was John Mary Mastai-Ferretti, was born in the Roman States, May 13, 1792, and was consequently eighty-five years and nine months old at the time of his death. On June 16, 1846, at the age of fifty-four, he was chosen Pope.

FURLONG, (Richmond, Va.)—The mile is not of the same length all over the world. In England and America it is 1,760 yards. The mile in Russia is 1,100 yards; in Italy 2,467 yards; in Scotland and Ireland 2,200 yards; in Poland 4,400 yards; in Spain 5,028 yards; in Germany 5,866 yards; in Sweden and Denmark 7,233 yards; in Hungary 8,800 yards.

A. L. S. (Phila., Pa.)—Owing to the fact that no accurate data exist it is impossible to tell the exact change. It is said the winter of 1829-30 surpassed this in mildness; farmers ploughed every month in the season, and no snow fell till Feb. 2. The winter was followed, however, by a cold, backward spring with a snow storm in May, which killed the returning swallows.

EDGAR, (Union, Ga.)—In a coat-of-arms the visor shows that the family were soldiers; the bird, a raven, with outstretched wings, denotes that the representative was always ready to take the field; the dagger with the serpent coiled round it, in the act of darting its fang, supplies the motto of the family, "Beware my sting." The leaves surrounding are generally, though not always, an ornamental finish.

ELLEN, (Northumberland, Pa.)—It is a work of time to eradicate old customs, particularly among some classes of society, but the period during which mourning should be worn is gradually being abridged. We think ourselves that six months is quite long enough, for this reason—that death being inevitable, it is better for the living to try and forget the loss they have suffered than to wear sad-colored garments to keep the lost one ever present to their minds.

JARRETT, (Madison, N. Y.)—The Darwinian theory of man's evolution from a monkey is not altogether modern, according to the latest developments. It is said that there is wrought in inlaid wood on a door in the great Temple of Ligmoto, in Japan, a scene showing first a monkey, then an ape, then a gorilla, and so on up by gradual development until the final one of the series is a perfect man surrounded by elephants and curious birds. The door is several hundred years old.

F. T., (Somerset, Pa.)—There are several explanations given of the term foolscap, applied to paper, but the following is the most generally accepted: When Oliver Cromwell became Protector, in England, after the execution of Charles I., he caused a stamp, representing the cap of liberty, to be placed upon the paper used by the government. Soon after the restoration of Charles II. he had occasion to use some paper for despatches, when some of this paper was brought to him. On observing the stamp, he asked its meaning, and, on being informed, he said: "Take it away; I will have nothing to do with that fool's cap!"

EMMA, (Mobile, Ala.)—"I love, he loves, we love," is the grammar of sweet sixteen. If this love, hot-house born, ripens into the flower of matrimony before the parties have arrived at the legal age of discretion, the grammar is most likely to be changed into, "I ought not to have loved, he ought not to have loved, we ought not—to have got married." If the male in this case was three or four and twenty, there might be some reliance on his faithfulness, but as he is only eighteen, we do not consider him capable of knowing his own mind on such an important subject. We do not mean to say that you are to break off your acquaintance with him, but we think it inadvisable that you should enter into an engagement until he has at least turned twenty years of age.

LITTLETON, (Grafton Co., N. H.)—We have not the space at command to give the statistics you ask for, even if they were attainable at present in sufficient accuracy to serve purposes of argument. The influence of money and liquor in the causing of misdeeds, varies with different countries. In America and England from sixty to seventy per cent. of the worse crimes are directly traceable to rum, whereas in France and Spain it is much less. In the former nation ninety-five per cent. of the murders are committed for money, while in the latter, as well as in Italy, ninety-eight per cent. originate in motives of jealousy, or love. In making a general estimate, however, of the wrong wrought through money and rum, we should say the former was the most productive, although its effects are frequently less visible and startling than those of drink.

DRAMA, (Camden, N. J.)—The origin of the custom of throwing a slipper or old shoe after a newly married couple is now lost. Various authors attribute it to different sources. That most generally received traces it back to the Jews, where it symbolized transfer of authority or dominion. References to this custom may be found in Psalm lx, Psalm cix, and in Deut. xxv. It is supposed that the receiving of a shoe was an evidence and symbol of asserting or accepting dominion or ownership; the giving back a shoe the symbol of rejecting or resigning it. Originally the throwing of the shoe after the bride was a symbol that the father or guardian renounced his authority over her, and the receipt of the shoe by the bridegroom, even if accidental, was an omen that that authority was transferred to him. There is no doubt that such was sometimes the meaning of the transfer of a shoe.

LYCEUM, (Clark, Wis.)—The circumstances of the capture and death of Captain William Kidd, the pirate, were as follows: In 1698, rumors became prevalent in England that Kidd had turned pirate, and orders were sent to the colonies to apprehend him if he came within their jurisdiction. He sent Jas. Emmet, a New York lawyer, to Governor Bellamont to ascertain how he would receive him. Bellamont answered evasively, and after some correspondence, persuaded Kidd to go to Boston, where he landed on July 1, 1699. He was examined before the council, and, according to Bellamont, gave trifling answers to interrogatories, and on July 6, 1699, the Governor ordered his arrest. He was sent to England, and, after a trial, in which he was allowed no counsel, and was not permitted to send for papers or witnesses, he was found guilty of piracy and the murder of William Moore. He was hanged at Execution Dock, London, on May 24, 1701. He asserted his innocence to the last. The stories of the hoards of gold buried by him at various points on the Atlantic coast, are, no doubt, without foundation in truth.

SILVER MAN, (Hancock, Ill.)—"Goloid" is a compound metal which Mr. W. W. Hubbell, the inventor, proposed as a substitute for the present gold and silver coinage of this country. He has had some of his proposed dollars struck off at the mint. The new coin is about as large as a silver half-dollar and contains one-twenty-fifth gold; it weighs 258 grains. Its polish and brightness are remarkable. The inventor claims that the coin is more durable than either silver or gold, and will not oxidize, which, on a coinage of $100,000, represents an annual saving of $100, besides a profit on coinage, with silver at 54 pence, of $600. Goloid has the dense ring of gold, not the light jingle of silver, is the densest of metals except gold and platina, and feels clean to the touch. Gold coin is easily counterfeited in color by metallic alloys of copper. It is more difficult to counterfeit goloid on account of its density, color, cleanliness and resistance to wear and ordinary oxidizing elements incident to use; in these particulars combined it cannot be counterfeited.

SOROR, (Lapeer, Mich.)—Authorities are at loggerheads as to the best material for mattresses. We can only recommend that you try the various kinds till you find one that suits you. About the earliest data that we have concerning beds, are of Egyptian origin, and they are very slight. Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, an eminent English authority, thinks that the Egyptians usually slept on their day-couches, which were long and straight, sometimes with a back, sometimes with carving of the heads and feet of animals at the ends, made of bronze, of alabaster, of gold and ivory, of inlaid wood, and richly cushioned. When these were not in use, mats replaced them, or low pallets made of palm-boughs, with a wooden pillow hollowed out for the head. What Egypt had, the Assyrian and the rest of the world had, and the Greek, whenever he could, improved upon other countries' notions; and the Greek couch, judging from the bas-reliefs on many vases, was of great elegance. The Romans, although receiving so many of their customs and so much of their art from Greece, had very simple beds until after their Eastern conquests. Indeed beds which, with their pillows, were merely hollows in a slab of stone, have been found among Roman remains. But from the period when their Asiatic dominion increased, the Romans borrowed fashions from the conquered, and they developed a strong taste for luxury, especially in the matter of beds. Examples of the Roman form of bed were still preserved in the days of Charlemagne. In the meantime, of course, in the barbaric life of Northern and Western Europe, these forms generally being lost, it was an advance in civilization when the bench became the bed, and people were fastidious enough at last to feel above sleeping on bundles of straw, or heaps of skin upon flags.